

THE ILLUSTRATED
SPORTING & DRAMATIC



NEWS

No. 146.—VOL. VI.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1876.

[REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

PRICE SIXPENCE
BY POST 6½D.



MISS CAMILLE DUBOIS.

RAILWAYS.

SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

SANDOWN PARK CLUB STEEPLE CHASE MEETING,
ESHER.

TUESDAY, 5th December, and WEDNESDAY, 6th December.

Frequent Trains will run on both the above days from Waterloo, Vauxhall, Hammersmith, Kensington, West Brompton, Chelsea, Battersea, and Clapham Junction Stations, TO ESHER, returning from Esher after the races.

Cheap Trains will run from Waterloo Bridge Station, commencing at 8.0 a.m. until 10.55 a.m. inclusive.

Special First Trains from 11.0 a.m. till 1.0 p.m.

Trains leave Ludgate Hill for Wimbledon at 8.45, 9.51, 11.16, and 11.39 a.m.; and for Clapham Junction at 8.0, 8.44, 9.22, 10.16 and 11.37 a.m. Passengers by these Trains must change at Wimbledon and Clapham Junction respectively, into Trains for Esher. Trains leave Kensington for Clapham Junction (calling at Chelsea 5 minutes later) at 8.29, 8.48, 9.12, 9.38, 10.15, 10.55, 11.17, 11.48 a.m., 12.15 and 12.45 p.m. in connection with Trains to Esher.

Tickets may be procured on and after Saturday, 2nd December, at the West End Office, 30, Regent Circus, Piccadilly; Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook's, 28, Conduit Street, W.; Golden Cross, Charing Cross; Exeter Buildings, Arthur Street West, E.C.; and at the Waterloo Bridge, Vauxhall, Clapham Junction, and Kensington (Addison Road) Stations.

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April 25, 1876.

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MARAVILLA COCOA FOR BREAKFAST.

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"Entire solubility, a delicate aroma, and a rare concentration of the purest elements of nutrition, distinguish the MARAVILLA COCOA above all others."—Globe.

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NOTE.—The pretension of another Corn Flour to be "the best" is entirely groundless, and the alleged "emphatic opinion of the *Lancet*" in support of this pretension is an incomplete and misleading quotation.—See *Lancet*, Nov. 13, 1875.

M R. RICHARD W. SOUTH'S
"GRAND DUCHESS" OPERA COMPANY.

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"LA GRANDE DUCHESSE," "LA BELLE HELENE."
"LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT," "LA PERICHOLE."

Principal Artistes,

Madame SELINA DOLARO,

Miss ALICE BURVILLE, Mr. E. D. BEVERLEY,
Miss AMY GRUNDY, Mr. E. CONNELL,
Miss GRUNDY, Mr. W. G. BEDFORD,
Miss FANNY STEWART, Mr. M. KINGHORNE,
Miss MERCY, Mr. LOUIS KELLEHER,
Madame FLORENCE HUNTER, Mr. E. PERRINI, and
Messrs. HARRY and FRED PAYNE.

Assisted by

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Full and Powerful Chorus.

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Stage-Manager, Mr. M. KINGHORNE.

Property-Master, Mr. C. SKINNER.

General Manager, Mr. E. PERRINI.

Entirely New and Elegant Costumes designed expressly for this Tour, and executed by Mr. S. MAY, Bow-street, and Messrs. LEWIS and ALLENBY, of Regent-street.

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All communications to be addressed to

Mr. R. W. SOUTH, 32, Abingdon-street, London, S.W., or
Theatre Royal, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Nov. 27th, Twelve Nights.

MISS HEATH'S PROVINCIAL TOUR,
Accompanied by Mr. WILSON BARRETT'S COMPANY,
suspended during Miss Heath's Engagement at the

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The Company (re-arranged) will travel with

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Agent, Mr. LEE ANDERSON. Acting Manager, Mr. MORRIS ARONS.

MISS ADA CAVENDISH, Theatre Royal,
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M DME. TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker-street. PORTRAIT MODELS of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, M.W.G.M. of Freemasons of England, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, Emperor and Empress of Germany, King Alphonso XII., Victor Emmanuel, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Dr. Keneyal, M.P. Costly Court Dresses. The complete line of British Monarchs, and 300 portrait Models of Celebrities, and the late Cardinal Antonelli. Admission, One Shilling. Children under Twelve, Sixpence. Extra Room, Sixpence. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS, Regent's Park, are OPEN daily (except Sunday). Admission 1s.; on Monday, 6d.; Children always 6d. Among the more recent additions are three American Dartars, and two Esquimaux Dogs from Whale Sound, presented by Captain Allen Young, of the Pandora.

E XHIBITION of CABINET PICTURES IN OIL.—Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.—The TENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is OPEN daily from 10 to 5. Admittance 1s. Catalogue 6d.—R. F. M'NAIR, Secretary.

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

On Monday, Wednesday and Friday, MACBETH. Macbeth, Mr. Barry Sullivan. On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 7.45, RICHARD III. Richard III., Mr. Barry Sullivan. Messrs. H. Sinclair, J. F. Cathcart, C. Vandenhoff, F. W. Irish, H. Pyatt, F. Tyars, H. Russell, J. Johnstone, R. Dolman, C. H. Fenton; Mrs. Hermann Vezin, Mesdames Fanny Huddart, E. Stuart, E. Collins, H. Coveney, C. Jecks and Miss and Master Grattan. Preceded by, at 7, THAT BEAUTIFUL BICEPS. To conclude with THE STORM FIEND. Box-office open from Ten till Five daily.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

On Monday, and during the week, MR. AND MRS. WHITE. After which, at a Quarter to Eight, a New and Original Historical Play, entitled JANE SHORE, written by W. G. Wills; Messrs. James Fernandez J. W. Ford, B. Bentley, A. Revelle, F. Strickland, J. Smyth, B. Peiley, G. Weston, E. Price, Miss Heath, Mesdames A. Mellon, Manders, M. Brunett, Miss and Master Coote. To conclude with at 10.15, a Comic Ballet entitled THE MAGIC FLUTE. Prices, 6d. to £3 18s. Doors open at Half-past Six; commence at Seven. Box-office open from Ten till Five daily.

ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE.

Every Evening, at 7, GIVE A DOG A BAD NAME. At 8, SHAUGHRAUN, Messrs. C. Sullivan, S. Emery, W. Terriss, Brittan Wright, W. M'Intyre, J. G. Shore, H. Vaughan, and Mesdames Rose Co ghan, Hudspeth, Taylor, C. Nott, E. Phillips, &c. Box-office open from Ten till Five daily.

CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. Alex. Henderson. Cattle Show week. Immense success of the NEW COMEDY. Charles Wyndham, and the entire company much augmented. On Monday, and every evening during the week, the performance will commence at 7.30 with THE WALL OF CHINA; at 8, A TALE OF A TUB. Followed by 8.45 by a farcical Comedy, in three acts, entitled, HOT WATER, from Meilhac and Halévy. Characters by Mr. Charles Wyndham, Mr. E. Righton, Mr. J. B. Rae, Mr. H. Standing, Mr. J. Clarke, Mr. H. Ashley, Mr. J. Anderson, Mr. J. Francis, Mr. Ridley, Master Rivers, Miss Fanny Josephs, Miss Nelly Bromley, Miss Eastlake, Miss M. Davis, Miss Edith Bruce, Miss M. Holme. Seats can be secured either at the Box Office of the Theatre, from 10 to 5, or at all the Libraries, for two weeks in advance. Prices from 1s. to 2 guineas.—H. J. Hitchins, Acting Manager.

FOLLY THEATRE.—Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Alex. Henderson. Cattle Show week. MISS LYDIA THOMPSON and the entire company in Farnie's new burlesque. The very latest edition of ROBINSON CRUSOE, on Monday, and every evening until further notice. The performance will commence at 7.30 with the Two-Act Comedy, by A. Halliday, of CHECK MATE. Characters by Messrs. Lionel Brough, Phillip Day, Appleby; Mesdames Emily Vining, Duncan, &c. At 8.45 the very latest edition of ROBINSON CRUSOE, by Farnie. Musical Director, Mr. Michael Connelly. Characters by Miss Lydia Thompson, Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. George Barrett, Mr. W. Forrester, Miss Emily Duncan, Miss Ella Chapman, Miss Topsy Venn, Mr. Bunch, Mr. Willie Eduin, Miss Violet Cameron, Miss Emily Vining, and Messrs. Appleby and Martin.

Seats can be secured either at the Box Office of the Theatre from 10 till 5, or at all the Libraries for two weeks in advance. Prices from 1s. to two guineas. Acting Manager, Mr. J. C. Scanlan.

FOLLY THEATRE.—Special Notice.—Owing

to the enormous success that nightly attends the performance of ROBINSON CRUSOE, and the overflowing audiences who testify to the admirable manner in which the burlesque is acted, with its brilliant mounting and charming music, the management beg to announce that the burlesque will be continued until further notice, and that many new additions and improvements will be made in the text and music for Christmas. Special Morning Performances will be given as follows:—Tuesday, 26th December (Boxing Day), Two o'clock; Saturday, 30th December, Two o'clock; Saturday, 6th January, Two o'clock. LITTLE DICK WHITTINGTON, by Reece, in rehearsal, and will be produced with brilliant effects upon the withdrawal of Robinson Crusoe.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—

Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. B. Buckstone. Every Evening, at 7.30, the Comic Drama, A ROUGH DIAMOND, Mr. Buckstone as Cousin Joe; Margery, Miss Lafontaine. After which, at 8.30, DAN'L DRUCE, BLACKSMITH, 7th time. Characters by Messrs. Hermann Vezin, Howe, Braide, Forbes Robertson, Odell, Weatherby, &c., and Miss Marion Terry. Conclude with a New Fanciful Concert, by C. M. Rae, Esq., entitled BIRDS IN THEIR LITTLE NESTS AGREE. Characters by Messrs. Kyle, Gordon, Mesdames M. Harris, K. Irwin, Osborne, and E. Dietz. Doors open at 7. Carriages at 11. Box-office open 10 till 5.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—

MORNING PERFORMANCE. A Morning Performance of A ROUGH DIAMOND (Cousin Joe. Mr. Buckstone), and DAN'L DRUCE, BLACKSMITH, will take place on Wednesday next, December 6th. Doors open at 1.30, commence at 2. Carriages may be ordered at Half-past Four.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Mr. Hare

Lessee and Manager.—On Saturday, punctually at Eight o'clock, NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES, written by Tom Taylor and A. W. Dubourg. The principal characters will be acted by Miss Ellen Terry, Mrs. Gaston Murray, Mrs. Stephens, Miss Kate Aubrey; Mr. Kelly, Mr. Anson, Mr. Conway, Mr. Ersser Jones, and Mr. Hare. The new scenery painted by Messrs. Gordon and Harford.—Doors open at 7.30. Box-office open from 11 to 5.—Acting-Manager, Mr. John Huy.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. Edgar

Bruce. Great success of the Drama and Comic Opera. Every Evening at 7, THE TWO GREGORIES. At 7.45, Dion Boucicault's most successful drama, in three acts, entitled HUNTED DOWN, concluding with a new comic opera, A WILL WITH A VENGEANCE. Libretto by Fred. Hay. Music by Edward Solomon. Supported by Mesdames Louise Willes, Ges Smythe, Howard, Blackburn, Pitt, and Rose Cullen, Messrs. Beveridge, Temple, Steyne, Edwards, F. Harcourt, Douglas Cox, and Edgar Bruce. Doors open at 6.30. Box-office open daily from 11 to 5. Prices, 6d. to £3 18s.—Acting Manager, Mr. Douglas Cox.

GAIETY THEATRE, STRAND.—Sole

Lessee and Manager, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.—Return of Mr. TOOLE.—First Nights of Albery's new Piece, THE MAN IN POSSESSION, and revival of SPELLING BEE. Open 7.0, begin 7.15. AFTERNOON PERFORMANCES Every Saturday (see Daily Papers).

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—Lessees

Messrs. D. James and T. Thorne. Enormous success of OUR BOYS. Every Evening, at 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, the most successful comedy, OUR BOYS, written by H. J. Byron. Concluding with A FEARFUL FOG; supported by Messrs. William Farren, David James, C. W. Garthorne, J. P. Bernard, W. Lestocq, A. Austin and Thomas Thorne. Mesdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Nellie Walters, Cicely Richards, Sophie Larkin, &c. Free List entirely suspended. Acting Manager, Mr. D. McKay. N.B.—Saturday morning, Dec. 16, Annual Benefit of Mr. D. McKay.

DUKE'S THEATRE, HOLBORN.—Every

Evening, at Eight, BROEKMAN'S CIRCUS and Great MONKEY PERFORMANCE, from the Alexandra Palace. The Performance takes place on the Stage. Doors open at 7.30; commence at Eight. Private Boxes, from 10s. 6d. to £5 18s.; Dress Circle, 3s.; Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. Children Half-price to all parts except Gallery.

MORNING PERFORMANCES every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Mr. Henry Neville, Sole Lessee.—NO THOROUGHFARE, by Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins, every Evening at 7.45. Preceded at 7 by CRAZED. Mr. Henry Neville and powerful company. Prices from 6d. to £3 18s. Doors open at 6.30. Commence at 7.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manageress, Mrs. Swanborough.—On MONDAY, and Every

Evening, at 7, KEEP YOUR TEMPER. At 8, Comedy, CREMORNE. Messrs. Vernon, Cox, Taylor, &c.; MESDAMES Venne, Turner, &c.; Conclude with the Burlesque DAN'L TRADUCED, TINKER. Messrs. Marius, Cox, Taylor, &c.; Mesdames Venne, Jones, &c.

"FOR AULD LANG SYNE"

IS THE TITLE OF THE

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A fac-simile copy in Colours, Printed by Leighton Brothers, of a Picture by G. A. HOLMES (Painter of "CAN'T YOU TALK?") entitled

"YOU REALLY MUST!"

Amongst the Illustrations of this specially attractive number, will be found the following:—

THE TWINS.

After H. S. MARKS, A.R.A.

A FIRESIDE PARTY.

After SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

A GLIMPSE OF AULD LANG SYNE.

By FRED. BARNARD.

TWELFTH NIGHT REVELS.

By MOYR SMITH.

TRADES MEN'S ATHLETIC SPORTS.

By MATT. STRETCH.

A MOONLIGHT STEEPELCHASE.

By J. STURGESS.

Together with Sketches by Wallis Mackay, and other Artists. Amongst the Contributors will be found "Amphion," Lord William Lennox, Wat Bradwood, Godfrey Turner, Arthur Sketchley, Ashby Sterry, Savile Clarke, Henry Hersee, A. H. Wall, Gerald Massey, Byron Webber, Richard Dowling, Howard Paul, Arthur

NEXT WEEK'S NUMBER
Will contain, amongst other Illustrations, a Portrait of
MADAME HEBERT.

REMINISCENCES OF THE CHIEF DAY
AT CROYDON.
By JOHN STURGEON.

THE GRANVILLE HOTEL
At Ramsgate (a Page and a-half of Sketches).

THE "PEN" AND "PENCIL" of the WAR.—
Portraits of Mr. A. FORBES (of the *Daily News*),
and Mr. F. VILLIERS (of the *Graphic*), from
recent photographs taken in Servia.

The Female Class at the German Gymnasium.

PRIZE WINNERS AT THE SMITHFIELD CATTLE
SHOW.

Scenes from Plays.

MR. STREETER,
18, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.,
JEWELLER.

18 Carat Gold EARRINGS, set with Stones, from 50s. to £50.
18 Carat Gold BROOCHES, „ „ „ 70s. „ £200.
18 Carat Gold BRACELETS, „ „ „ 140s. „ £300.
18 Carat Gold LOCKETS, „ „ „ 100s. „ £100.
In all Jewellery sold or re-arranged by Mr. Streeter, the Stones are
mounted in 18-Carat Gold.

"JEWELS OF RICH AND EXQUISITE FORM."—*Cymbeline*, Act I. sc. ii.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1876.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

In our way we have been kind to Dr. Slade. We gave his portrait, drawn from the life, and a biography of him and one of his "inspired" slates, borrowed of Mr. James Burns, Southampton-row. But we should like to know if Dr. Slade is the proud possessor of a medical alias? Was he ever an American corn-doctor, at all, at all?

It was distinctly laid down by the late Mr. Dickens, and before him, and, subsequently, by many another wholesome moralist, that there is a difference between religion and the cant of religion. Nobody disputes it. There is such a difference. Such being the case, one rather "scunner" at the idea of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's introducing cant—even political cant—into his supplications. A correspondent of the *Liverpool Post* writes that the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, in his second prayer on Sunday morning, thus expressed himself:—"And, O God, give our senators wisdom, especially at this critical time. Let not the extraordinary folly of our rulers lead our country into war, and change our rulers, O God, as soon as possible." It is too late in the day to suggest to Mr. Spurgeon that a patronising prayer to the Almighty is by no means a happy medium for airing his political views.

THE pathos of a proletarian life was never more strikingly illustrated than in the case of Thomas Jones, a young labourer, who was charged on Wednesday before the Rhyl magistrates with stealing apples from an orchard. The accused pleaded guilty, and was fined 40s. and costs, and ordered to pay one penny damages, or in default two months' imprisonment. The defendant was to have been married last week, but was unable to carry out the arrangement in consequence of receiving the summons. His intended wife set to work with him to break stones on the wayside to pay the impending fine and enable them to be married, by preventing his going to gaol. Mr. Wallis ought to paint a picture of the stonebreaking Griselda. If he did, he might reckon safely on Mr. Ruskin's puff of, and consequent sale of, the transcendently æsthetic canvas.

We cut from the *Times* of Wednesday the following advertisement:

A Handsome DAPPLED GRAY BROUHAM or MATCH HORSE, very powerful, 26 hands, rising six, superior action, fit for hilly country or town work; is quiet and warranted.—At

"A handsome dappled gray brougham or match horse," 26 hands high, is one of those contrivances we never before heard of, but should like to see.

An act for the abolition of facetious magistrates is one of the requirements of the age. The other day Mr. Paget was pleased to make merry over a case which related to the manufacture of what we may term a "trick cabinet." We had not the advantage of being present when the learned magistrate let off his volley of irresistible jokes; but, judging from the report, we should say that at the Wandsworth Police Court a little pleasantries goes a very long way. Nevertheless, a regard for truth compels us to declare that as a humorist Sir Robert Carden is superior to Mr. Paget. He makes more of his part. For proof of this assertion, read the following:—"At the Mansion House on Wednesday, a cabman named Russell, who was charged with being drunk and incapable of taking care of his horse and cab denied the charge. He said: 'At the police-station I said to the inspector, "Now chalk a mark

along the floor. If I'm drunk I can't walk it." A drunken man, your worship, can't walk a chalk line.' The defendant, the reporter says, amid much laughter, imitated the swerving of a drunken man in his attempt to walk the mark. Sir Robert Carden asked whether the police made a chalk mark. The defendant: 'No; they wouldn't.' Sir Robert: 'Then you did not have a fair trial?' The defendant: 'I did not, your worship.' Sir Robert said he had been a magistrate many years, and never heard such a test as that put before. He thought the inspector should have applied the test. The defendant: 'Certainly he should.' Sir Robert: 'But perhaps they had no chalk.' Defendant: 'I offered to lend them a pencil. Here it is. I put it down like that' (suiting the action to the word). Sir Robert Carden said that as the defendant had had a good character for thirty years he would not then take it from him by fining him, and also, considering all the circumstances, he should remit the greenyard fees. The defendant, however, must be careful in future." Henceforward the phrase "walk your chalks" must be held to have a legal signification. If you can perform that operation, or even if you cannot, but have the presence of mind to demand its introduction, as a test of your sobriety, you are, in the opinion of sapient Sir Robert Carden, a straight-walking, and, therefore, a perfectly sober member of society.

One of the most remarkable characteristics of the guileless Cambridge undergraduate is, that he is unable to indicate the locality of his corns.

MR. HENRY DISTIN, of 24, Lisle-street, Leicester-square, has invented an instrument of torture called the Chromatic pitch-pipe, which bids fair to supersede the other instrument of torture for which he is responsible—we mean the Distinette. Everybody who wishes to drive to distraction his immediate friends should procure a Chromatic pitch-pipe.

MR. DAVID MCKAY, the acting manager of the Vaudeville Theatre, announces his benefit (a morning performance). If deserving people have their deserts he ought to have a bumper.

"The Banffshire Journal notes it as rather a remarkable fact that the late Lady Elphinstone was a daughter, sister, wife, and mother of respected elders of the Church of Scotland." And no doubt neither the *Banffshire Journal* nor any one else thinks the fact unpleasantly or discreditably remarkable. And yet, supposing a like honour to sit on a lady friend, who would dare to describe her as one of the most elderly of women?

"Two more boy burglars," says the *Liverpool Post*, "have fallen into the hands of the police." Is not the "have fallen" of such an announcement severe on the force? It seems to imply no greater activity than that of a youthful and vigorous oyster in daily danger of setting up a peril.

THE French press are unanimous in their abuse of Prince Napoleon. His Highness may now burn his marked press list, as the future has been simplified by the universality; and should he ever win he will not need to discriminate.

"The Association Libérale of Antwerp has ordered from England a set of voting apparatus for parliamentary elections." There is a slight inaccuracy here; the phrase should run: "Has ordered a few specimens of freemen of the City of Dublin."

MDLLE. CAMILLE DUBOIS.

THE lady whose portrait adorns our front page this week, is the daughter of Edmund Keyloff, the conductor of the Brighton Aquarium orchestra. She commenced her theatrical career six years and a half ago at the Royalty Theatre, which was then under the management of Miss M. Oliver. Her first marked success was won when she played at only two hours' notice the part of "Fiorella" in the *Brigands* at the Globe Theatre. This led to Mdlle. Dubois' engagement with Miss Thompson, whom she accompanied in a three years' tour in America, during which she won highly favourable press opinions. Returning to England she entered on an engagement with Mr. F. C. Fairlie, and travelled through the provinces playing the title rôle of *Vert Vert*. On the conclusion of that tour she reappeared at the Globe still playing *Vert Vert*. On the termination of this engagement she played Trignette in the *Prix St. Gervais* at the Criterion. During the concluding three weeks of Madame Theo's appearance at the Opera Comique she played Fortunato with her in *Madame L'Archiduc*. She has now commenced an engagement for a year with Mr. H. Neville of the Olympic. Mdlle. Camille Dubois, an educated lady and a bright, intelligent actress, first distinguishing herself in burlesque, where vivacity, piquancy, and excellent musical attainments are so essential, but now Mdlle. Dubois appears to greater advantage in soubrette, and second parts of genteel comedy.

SCENE FROM "BIRDS IN THEIR NESTS" AT THE HAYMARKET.

This amusing trifle displays the usual good taste and feeling of its author, and frequenters of the Haymarket, although it is last in the programme, will not be sorry if they sit out the entire performance for its sake. We have already critically noticed Mr. C. M. Rae's little one-act sketch.

SCENE FROM "HOT WATER" AT THE CRITERION.

This broadly extravagant piece of fun still attracts by its uproarious display of animal spirits, and laughing audiences in crowds nightly applaud its wild and whimsical doings. We have already been critical, and our sketch will be sufficiently descriptive for those who have read the previous account of *Hot Water*, its plot and characters, which appeared in our issue of Nov. 18.

MUSCOVITE SPORTS.

WE are all just now interested in Russia, and most of us journalists are doing our best to represent, or misrepresent, its national character and traditions according to our political lights or intentions. We have, of course, our own opinions thereon, but here we are not expected to express them. Our thoughts may travel to its wonderful cities, and its seven millions, or more, of

curiously various inhabitants, with no bloodthirsty thought of lessening the latter, or destroying the former. Peaceful sport in its joy-giving, health-invigorating character is akin all the world over, and the incidents it is our business to dwell upon awaken in their stories neither stormy feelings nor fierce desires.

Sport is popular in Russia. The vast pine-covered plains of the North, where chilling mists and creeping vapours love to linger all the year round, where, with a mournful, spirit-depressing wail, the wind blows straight from icy wastes that guard the Pole, hold wolves and bears in abundance, affording capital sport; as the Prince of Wales must well enough remember. And in the South are regions of noble forest land amidst spreading parks, fruitful vineyards, and clustering gardens, where the summer air is clear and bright, and plants and fruits enjoy an almost tropical perfection. There sunlit valleys and wood-clothed mountain sides are full of wild game, and sport has still its flourishing and eager votaries. Trotting matches are common in many parts of Russia, and the Orloff breed of horses enjoy no little repute. The fastest trotters bred from Dutch mares are said to display far too much action to be lasting goers. In coursing, a pack of slow heavy hounds are usually made use of, together with several brace of greyhounds in leashes, and saddle horses. The hares are mostly grey in summer, and change to white as the winter approaches. Our engraving, with these few words of introduction, will tell its own story.

RABBETING.

ALTHOUGH February and the beginning of March are the great days of batte shooting, rabbits afford no lack of sport both before and after those months. Poor bunny has many foes, as our artist has shown, and the humour of the "First come first served" is very grim. That bunnies are so numerous is their misfortune, not their fault, but in the result they suffer for it, terribly. In many of the covers the quantity of game is fairly astonishing, and in some of the woods the rabbits alone are worth quite a startlingly large sum. They do their best, poor things, to escape the consequence, and it is not seldom that the sportsman, fancying he has a clear shot, none the less misses his sharply and craftily turning-mark, and sends his charge through the head of his dog instead of the rabbit.

MONTHLY MUSICAL REVIEW.

CHAPPELL AND CO., 50, New Bond-street.—No. 112 of *Chappell's Musical Magazine* is announced as a "Christmas Number," and consists of "new and popular dance music, by Strauss, D'Albert, Waldteufel, Lamotte, Rimbaud, and Montgomery." The number contains four waltzes, three sets of quadrilles, two galops, and a polka. The type is large and clear, the paper good; and the price one shilling! The names of the composers above-mentioned sufficiently guarantee the excellent quality of this collection of dance music, which at ordinary publishing prices would probably cost 30s., at least. Most of the tunes are excellent.—"The Jackdaw of Rheims," a cantata, by George Fox, is a setting of the story so entitled, in "The Ingoldsby Legends." We have on a former occasion drawn attention to the originality and ability displayed in this composition, which is equally fit for public performance and for the social enjoyment of private musical circles.—"A Puff of Smoke" is a musical dialogue, written by C. J. Rowe; music by Angelina. The personages are Mr. Cecil Montague, and his wife Augusta, and the plot shows the folly of trusting to appearances, the happy pair being made unhappy by a suspicious letter discovered by the wife, and the odour of a cigarette, smelt by the husband. Explanations finally ensue, and the married pair recover their mutual happiness. The piece has been recently played at St. George's Hall, by Miss F. Holland and Mr. C. Grain, with much success. The words are fairly written, and the music is varied and melodious.

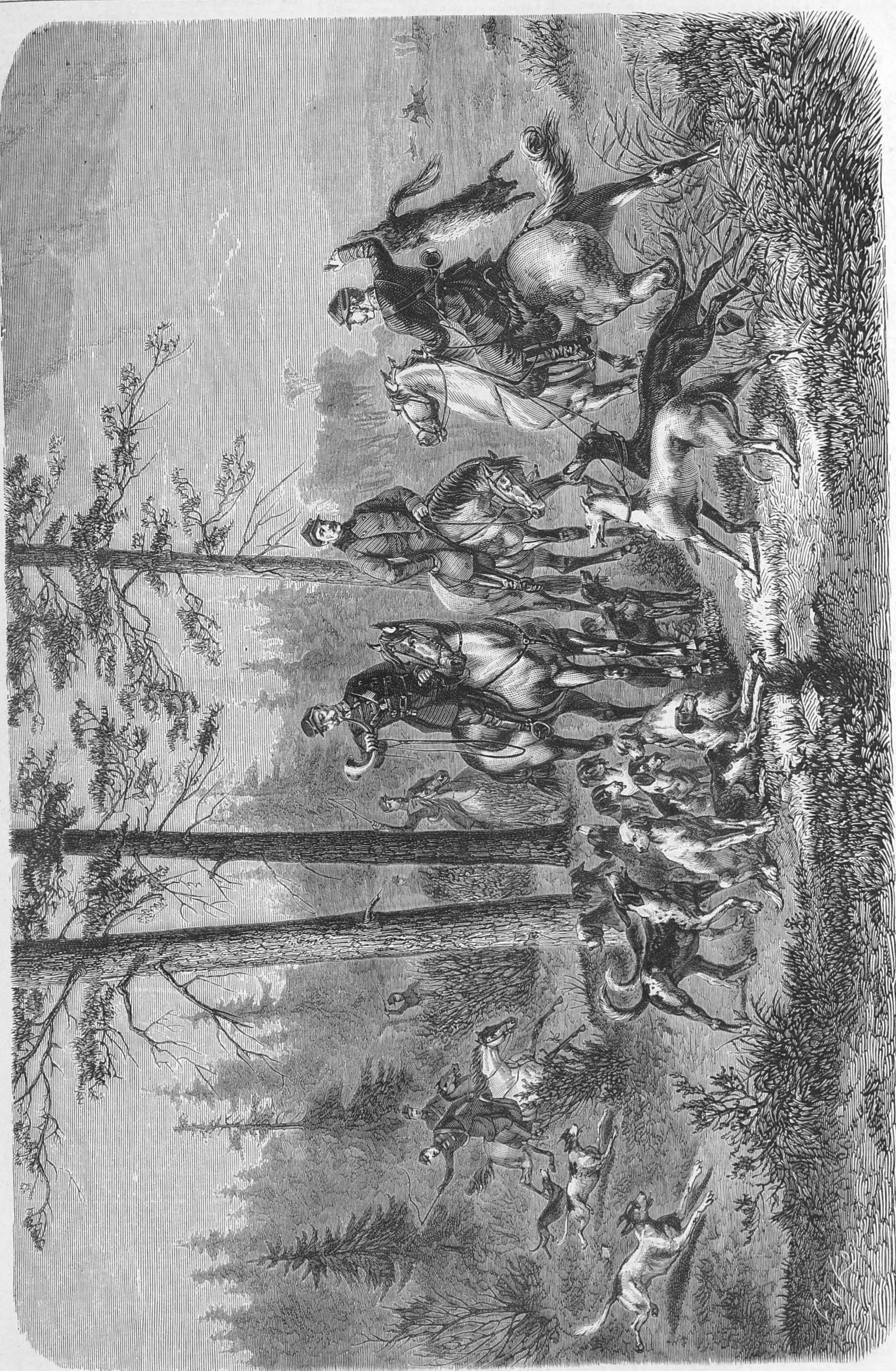
J. B. CRAMER AND CO., 201, Regent-street, W. "Dove of the Ark," sacred song; written by H. B. Farnie, composed by G. Serpette. The words are only slightly doctrinal or "sacred" in character, and Mr. Farnie's piety does not display itself until near the end of the last verse, but the song is graceful in conception, and the words are well adapted to the flowing 6-8 melody of M. Serpette. "The Vision at Sea" (words by F. E. Weatherly, music by J. L. Roeckel) is a "descriptive song," containing some musical phrases which may recommend it to amateur baritones who do not object to sing indifferent lines, containing such rhymes as "hearth" and "earth," such solecisms as hands stretched "to me," instead of "towards me," "far bells," instead of "distant bells," &c. "Saved from the Storm," by the same writer, is a more acceptable poem, although we must own our inability to comprehend the line—"The winds are calling down the sea." Both words and music are evidently framed on the model of Mr. Hullah's popular song, "The Storm," and the song will be worth the attention of amateurs, although it cannot be placed in the same rank as the work of which it is a copy. "Beloved Again" is a song by the same composer. The words, which are well written, are by Mrs. Whitcomb, and the song is announced as a "sequel to Arthur Sullivan's popular song, 'Once Again.'" Surely this is a mean thing to do? If Mr. Arthur Sullivan wished for a sequel to one of his songs, he would probably prefer to be his own interpreter, and it is quite certain that he would not write such poor commonplace as the music of this song. This kind of attempt to push inferior works into undeserved notice cannot be too severely condemned, "Long ago! Long ago!" is a ballad written by James Mortimer, and composed by G. F. Hatton. The words are poetical, and the music expressive. Mr. G. F. Hatton is the worthy son of one of our best composers, Mr. J. L. Hatton; and this song encourages the belief that he may one day become as famous as his sire. He has thoroughly seized the spirit of the tender and graceful lines written by Mr. Mortimer, who has invested a familiar theme with originality, and with poetic charm. "A Rose in a Garden," written by H. P. Lyste, composed by G. Serpette. The words are above the average; the music is the merest commonplace.

NOVELLO AND CO., 1, Berners-street, W., "What shall I send to thee, sweet?" is a song for contralto or baritone, written by M. C. Salaman, and composed by Charles Salaman. The words show genuine poetic feeling, combined with elegance of diction. The music is full of tender passion, and the song is altogether worthy of high praise. The same authors have joined in setting Anacreon's 22nd Ode ("Para ten skien") as a duet for soprano and contralto, and Horace's 9th Ode (Book 3), as a duet for soprano and tenor. The English versions by Mr. C. Salaman are well written; but he should remember in future that in the word "perfumed" the accent lies on the second, and not on the first, syllable. It is as incorrect to say "pèrfumed" as it would be to say that wrong accents must be "objection to." The music is of the masterly kind which may always be expected from Mr. Charles Salaman, and will be welcomed by the possessors of refined musical taste.

(To be continued next week.)

THERE is a rumour of a coach running from London to Ports-mouth next Summer, which will enable the public to enjoy the varied beauties of that beautiful road.





MUSCOVITE SPORTS.

THE DRAMA.

THE two leading dramatic events of the week have been the entire change in the programmes of the Strand and Globe.

At the Strand, *Princess Toto*, after a brief career, was withdrawn on Saturday night, and, on Monday, the programme underwent an entire change, opening with Mr. Woolmer's popular and amusing farce of *Keep your Temper*, followed by two novelties—a farcical comedy, in three acts, by Mr. T. A. Palmer, entitled *Cremorne*, and *Dan'l Tra-duced, Tinker*, a burlesque on Mr. Gilbert's drama, *Dan'l Druce, Blacksmith*.

At the Globe, Miss Jennie Lee gave her deeply-touching impersonation of Jo, for the last time, on Saturday night, and on Monday evening, the revised programme consisted of the farce of *The Two Gregories*, followed by a revival of Mr. Boucicault's exciting drama of *Hunted Down, or the Two Lives of Mary Leigh*, which, originally produced at Manchester, in August, 1866, with Miss Kate Terry as the heroine, Mary Leigh, and Mr. Henry Irving as the scoundrel, Rawdon Scudamore, was brought out for the first time in London in the November following, at the St. James's Theatre, then under the management of Miss Herbert, when Mr. Irving resumed the part of Scudamore—the character now sustained by Mr. Edgar Bruce—the part of the heroine, Mary Leigh, is represented by Miss Louisa Willes with considerable intelligence and pathetic power. The revival was followed by a new comic opera, entitled *A Will with a Vengeance*. The libretto, by Mr. F. Hay, is founded on a little French farce, *La Vendetta*, which has already become familiar through more than one English adaptation. The music, by Mr. Edward Solomon, is light and tuneful.

The chief attraction of the Gaiety matinée last Saturday was Madame Chaumont, who appeared in *Madame Attend Monsieur*, and repeated the two chansonnets she had sung nightly at the Opera Comique during the previous week. *Plot and Passion* was represented the same afternoon at the Adelphi, for the benefit of Mr. S. Emery, who appeared in his original part Fouché, Mr. Shiel Barry sustaining the part of Desmaret.

Two special morning performances took place on Wednesday. *Dan'l Druce* was represented at the Haymarket, and *Faust* was performed at the Lyceum for the benefit of the Society for the Relief of Americans in Distress—Madame Jennie Van Zandt (Vanzini) appearing on this occasion as Marguerite.

The Royal Aquarium Theatre is now open on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoons, two being devoted to readings or special entertainments, and the other two to dramatic performances. On Saturday last the programme of the previous Wednesday, consisting of Robertson's amusing comedy of *Breach of Promise*, and the farce of *Vandyke Brown*, supported by Mr. John Clarke and Miss Maggie Brennan in leading parts, was repeated; and on Wednesday, Mr. Byron's comedy of *War to the Knife* was represented, supported by Misses Fanny Josephs, Maggie Brennan, Gresham, and Ashley; and Messrs. John Clarke, F. Dewar, J. H. Barnes, Gilbert, &c. On Tuesday and Thursday, Mr. F. C. Burnand appeared as a reader, giving selections from his own writings.

At the Crystal Palace, the series of the Dickens Plays, under the direction of Mr. Charles Wyndham, is being continued. *Great Expectations*, with Messrs. Lionel Brough, John Clarke, E. Righton; and Misses Hazel, Helen Ashton, Maria Daly, and Edith Bruce in the leading characters, was represented on Tuesday; and *Pickwick* was selected for Thursday. Euripides' play, *Alcestis*, with music by Mr. Henry Gadsby, is announced for Thursday next, when this classic play will be produced for the first time on the English stage.

At the St. James's *The Virginian* has been supplemented during the week by the farce of *Nillson or Nothing*, in which Mrs. John Wood gives her imitations of Italian prime donne, and sings her famous song of "His Heart was true to Poll." To-night, *The Virginian* will be replaced by a revival of *London Assurance*.

To-day's morning performances will comprise Madame Chaumont in *Toto chez Tata*, and her two songs "La Neige" and "La Bonne Année," at the Gaiety Matinée. *The Bohemian Girl*, by the Carl Rosa company, at the Lyceum. Byron's comedy, *War to the Knife*, at the Aquarium Theatre. *Waterloo*, &c., at Sanger's (Astley's). The German Reed's entertainment at St. George's Hall, and Mr. Brockman's trained animals at the Duke's. To-night several important changes are announced.

At the Court Mr. Charles Coghlan's play of *Brothers* will be replaced by a revival of the favourite Haymarket comedy, *New Men and Old Acres*, by Messrs. Tom Taylor and Dubourg.

Hengler's Royal Cirque in Argyll-street opens for the season this evening.

To-night terminate the engagement of Madame Chaumont at the Opera Comique, and the opera season of the Carl Rosa Company at the Lyceum, where the closing performance will be Cherubini's *Water Carrier*.

Mr. Clayton terminates his engagement at the National Standard to-night, when the last representation of *All for Her* takes place, and on Monday evening Miss Jennie Lee appears in Jo, supported by the original cast from the Globe.

On Monday next Mr. Toole returns to the Gaiety, and will make his reappearance in a new three-act comic drama, by James Albery, entitled *The Man in Possession* and in *The Spelling Bee*. Mr. Toole will be supported by an almost entirely new company, including Miss Hollingshead (late of the Court), Miss Kate Phillips (from the Queen's), Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Young (their first appearance in London), Miss Cavalier, and Messrs. Leathes and Westland. On the same evening, the present programme and company of the Gaiety will be transferred to the Opera Comique, where a new comic drama by Mr. Byron, entitled *Old Pals*, is in preparation.

STRAND THEATRE.

TWO novelties, a farcical comedy in three acts, entitled *Cremorne*, by Mr. T. A. Palmer, with *Dan'l Tra-duced, Tinker*, a burlesque of Mr. Gilbert's play *Dan'l Druce*, now being performed at the Haymarket, were produced here on Monday evening, but with doubtful success. *Cremorne* apparently planned on lines somewhat analogous to those of Mr. Charles Wyndham's famous success, *Brighton*, lacks however the skill of construction and dexterity of manipulation, the consecutive complications which rendered the latter piece so immensely popular. The plot, too trivial for comedy, though the incidents, especially in the second act at Cremorne Gardens, are wholly farcical and abundantly diverting, deals chiefly with the escapades of a fast young lawyer's clerk, Roderick Wildish, who, while paying his addresses to a rich young widow, Mrs. Gayleigh, takes her milliner, Miss Mary Anne Stubbs to Cremorne Gardens on the Derby night, and to his consternation finds that Mrs. Gayleigh and her rustic relations Mr. and Mrs. Joskins, and their cad swell of a son Bob, are also visitors there. A series of most ludicrous and highly amusing complications arise, ending in the discovery and discomfiture of Roderick, who is recognised by Mrs. Gayleigh, and in some escapade on the part of the old provincial Joskins, who becomes fascinated by a fair habituee. The gay Roderick dexterously extricates himself from the dilemma, and appeases the indignant anger of the pretty widow by audaciously assuring her that the madcap hero of the last night's adventure was his twin brother, to whom he bears

so close a resemblance that they are constantly mistaken for each other, and the farce ends with a reconciliation. Mr. Vernon rattled gaily through the part of the hero, Roderick Wildish; Mr. Harry Cox as Job Hope, the gardener, and uncle of the scamp, was very humorous, and especially so when serving as the waiter at Cremorne Gardens; Mr. H. W. Turner and Miss Sallie Turner lent useful aid as the representatives of the country uncle and aunt; Miss Turner provoking shouts of laughter by her comic relation of the indignities she endured on the return from the Derby, and Mr. J. G. Taylor was droll as their son, Bob, the rustic transformed into a caddish City swell. The pretty widow, Mrs. Gayleigh, found a ladylike and graceful exponent in Miss Florence Burnell. Miss Lottie Venne represented the young milliner, Mary Anne Stubbs, with great vivacity and piquancy, and two minor characters were efficiently sustained by Miss Marie Jones and Miss Gwynne Williams. With some compression and modification of the incidents, which are ludicrous and amusing enough, *Cremorne* may be worked into some success. *Dan'l Tra-duced, Tinker*; is more of a burlesque of the actors who sustain the leading characters of Mr. Gilbert's play, than of the play itself, which affords little scope for travestie. The incidents of the Haymarket drama are merely closely followed, and whatever fun there is in the burlesque is derived from the caricatured imitation in make-up and acting of Messrs. Hermann Vezin, Odell, Forbes Robertson, and Miss Marion Terry, by Messrs. J. G. Taylor, Harry Cox, Marius, and Miss Lottie Venne, in the respective characters of Dan'l Druce, the roistering Sergeant, the lover Jeffrey, and Dolly. Mr. Taylor in voice and appearance closely follows his prototype. Mr. Cox comically imitates Mr. Odell's swaggering and continual bend of the knees borrowed from old Compton. M. Marius is a more ardent lover than Mr. Robertson. Miss Lottie Venne made the hit of the evening by her assumption of artlessness and naturally arch impersonation of Dolly. She was vociferously encored in the incidental parody on "I'll strike you with a feather," which she gave with singular point and amusing piquancy.

LANGHAM HALL.

MRS. WELDON, so favourably known and esteemed in amateur musical circles, is deserving of the highest commendation, and the support of the public, for the strenuous and enthusiastic exertions she is making in the musical education of children, through her connection with the "Music and Art Association" at Great Marlborough-street. In aid of the "Orphanage" benevolently established by this lady at her residence, Tavistock House, Mrs. Weldon has commenced a series of "Sociable Evenings," at Langham Hall, Great Portland-street, which take place every Monday evening throughout the year, and at which a very agreeable programme of vocal and instrumental music is offered, the varied merits of the pieces selected, as well as the general effectiveness of the execution, being of themselves sufficiently attractive, independent of the praiseworthy object for which these *réunions* have been started. On some occasions, variety is imparted to the programme by the introduction of recitals, as was the case at the fourth concert, which took place on Monday evening, when Mr. Melville Bonham, who has acquired considerable reputation in the United States as an accomplished reader and delineator of American peculiarities, and who has already made a favourable impression on London, gave several of his most famous recitals, commencing with Mrs. Sophia P. Snow's Christmas poem, "Annie and Willie's Prayer," which Mr. Bonham rendered with much emotional expression. His descriptive faculty was displayed in "Dick Baker's Cat," by Mark Twain, wherein we are treated to some quaintly-related details of "prospecting," gold-washing, and quartz-crushing. Edgar A. Poe's celebrated poem, "The Raven," was then recited with appropriate impressiveness and dramatic power, and was followed by a highly-coloured and elaborate "stump oration," full of exaggerated pedantry and American mal-aproposisms, supposed to be delivered by a young student of the American University; and the selection concluded with the humorous sketch of "Betsy and I are Out," and "How we Made Up," by Will M. Carleton. In this last scene an old farmer and his wife, after many years of married life, and a series of disagreements about trifles, agree to separate, and Mr. Bonham, as the old farmer, consulting and giving instructions to his lawyer for the deed of separation, displayed infinite quaintness and dry humour, contrasted with touching pathos and quiet emotion when recalling the long-continued kindness and affection of his aged partner, becomes reconciled, and thrusts the deed of separation into the fire. Mr. Bonham's manner is easy and self-possessed, his voice, although occasionally a little hard, is well modulated and controlled, and his delivery distinct and admirably varied in accordance with the several emotions to be expressed. As the selection was entirely from American authors, Mr. Bonham's somewhat apparent American accent or inflection rather added to the effectiveness of his recitals, which were received throughout with much applause.

OPERA COMIQUE.

"GREAT sinners escape whilst little ones hang" seems to be the principle on which the licenser of plays acts, and what he considers dramatic poison in some cases is dramatic meat in others, hence the fare provided by Madame Chaumont this last week. How they must laugh the other side of the water at seeing *Toto chez Tata* permitted in dear virtuous London! One of the idiosyncrasies of the censure here has hitherto been that the word petite dame has had to be substituted for cocotte. "Bigre c'est drôle," said a Parisian star last year on being cautioned to observe the amendment, "si on ignore les cocottes on ignore l'histoire." In this case, however, history is vividly portrayed, and the objectionable word has been scattered broadcast in the lively little comedy written by M.M. Meilhac and Halévy for Madame Chaumont, and in which she cleverly depicts the namby pambiness of the average French Collégien, and illustrates a visit to a shining light of the demi-monde, supplemented by two songs "La Neige" and "La Bonne Année." Madame Chaumont has only too forcibly reminded the public that the best of friends must part, and the regret that her departure (after to-night) must be tempered with gratitude to Mr. John Hollingshead for providing even a flying visit of the charming artist who has won the hearts of all who admire vivacity and chic on the boards.

Another morning performance of *Dan'l Druce* will be given at the Haymarket on Wednesday next.

Madame Chaumont appears at Manchester on Monday night, and at Brighton on Friday night.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.—Two performances, one this afternoon, and the other to-night, will take place here for the benefit of Mr. Coleman's late company at this theatre. In the afternoon, in addition to a miscellaneous programme of lighter farces, &c., Mr. Phelps will appear as Cardinal Wolsey in an act of *Henry VIII*, and a scene from *Henry V* will be represented. The evening programme will comprise the play of *The Stranger*, with Mr. Ryder and Mrs. Arthur Stirling as the two principal characters, and *The Lady of Lyons* with Mr. Charles Harcourt as Claude Melnotte, and Miss Leighton as Pauline.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The long promised dramatic version of Tennyson's *Enoch Arden* is definitely fixed for production here on Thursday week, the 14th instant. The adaptation by Arthur

Mathison has been sanctioned and warmly approved of by the Laureate. Mr. Mathison is to sustain the arduous character of Ben the Boatswain.

HOWARD PAUL, who has a benefit to-night at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, under the patronage of the mayor and fifty leading citizens of Cottonopolis, hit upon a novel method of advertising. He engaged thirty lads to promenade the principal streets the past week, each of whom carried a flag, and had a broad ribbon pinned on his coat with golden letters engraved thereon—"I am going on Saturday to Howard Paul's Concert."

THE ESQUIMAUX DOGS IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THESE interesting animals were presented by Captain Allen Young of the Pandora. The following extract is from a letter received from Captain Allen Young. "They were obtained from the settlement of Netilik in Whale Sound, the highest inhabited latitude in the world, being 77° 13' north. The dogs are perfectly harmless, and do not attempt to bite; they are also extremely shy, not having been in any way petted, and they endeavour always to avoid being handled, as they always expect to be put in harness for a long sledge journey. They are much valued by the Arctic Highlanders (who have no communication with the civilised world) as sledge and Polar bear hunting dogs." The general appearance of these dogs remind one strongly of wolves—especially the Arctic wolf—and an excellent opportunity is now afforded of comparing these animals, as the adjoining den contains probably the finest specimen of the Arctic wolf ever imported into this country. The Zoological Society are singularly fortunate at this moment in possessing such a fine series of wild dogs and wolves as are on exhibition in the dens formerly occupied by the lions, tigers, &c., as will be seen by the following list:

List of species of the Genus Canis now in the Zoological Society's Gardens.

C. dingo; Dingo, or Wild Dog of Australia.
C. familiaris; Esquimaux dog.
C. occidentalis; Arctic wolf.
C. lupus; common wolf.
C. primævus; Indian wild dog.
C. aureus; Indian jackal.
C. anthus; N. African jackal.
C. mesomelas; Black-backed jackal.
C. magellanicus; Chilian jackal.

The above are exclusive of a large series of foxes of many species from different parts of the world.

Of all questions connected with the study of natural history, few present greater difficulties to the student than the attempt to prove that all the varieties of our domestic breeds of dogs are descended from the wolves and jackals. Yet at the same time, on full and careful investigation of this subject, gradually and certainly lessen the difficulties, until one by one they cease to exist in the minds of those who will take sufficient trouble, and of those who have the opportunity of investigating this very interesting and important subject. Mr. Darwin has devoted the first chapter of his work on "Animals and Plants under Domestication," to the dogs and cats. The subject has received at his hands an extraordinary amount of care and attention, the evidence collected from almost endless and reliable authorities being there brought together, and forming one of the most valuable and interesting chapters ever written upon this subject. To persons utterly unacquainted with these matters, it seems absurd and ridiculous to suppose that the beautiful little Blenheim or King Charles spaniel breed, or the equally pretty black and tan toy terrier, could, by any process of domestication, breeding, feeding, or length of time, have descended from the wolves or jackals. This, however, is the conclusion to which the most able and best-informed naturalists are inevitably obliged to arrive, after most careful consideration and study. The overwhelming number of facts that can and have been collected in proof of this conclusion, leave no room for doubt upon the matter. It is therefore extremely interesting to have the opportunity of seeing the first step, so to speak, of the process, for in the Esquimaux dog we have nearly the perfect wolf; in fact, if at large, no one (except, of course, those thoroughly acquainted with these animals) would doubt their being wolves—their action, form, and general appearance would not fail to alarm those who fear wolves. Yet these animals, according to the testimony of Captain Allen Young, never attempt to bite, and are perfectly harmless. These dogs were in harness when they arrived at the Gardens, and, although the fastenings were of a very simple character, it was so admirably fitted as to afford the utmost freedom to the animal's movements, and it at the same time enabled the animal to exert its entire strength in pulling, without interfering in any way that could be painful or distressing to it.

It will be seen at a glance that the different species of wolves, vary considerably, in fact, the Arctic wolf, now exhibited by the side of the well-known American species, differs sufficiently to deserve an additional or specific name, but, at present, it is regarded as only a local variety, by some naturalists.

The jackals of Asia and Africa, are simply miniature wolves, differing in no way anatomically or externally (except in size) from the largest Arctic wolf.

The readiness and ease with which wolves and jackals can be tamed, and, to a certain extent domesticated, undoubtedly indicates to us their early association with man, for in all countries we find domestic dogs, even amongst the most degraded wild and savage nations; but the dogs found under these circumstances are always of a low type, much resembling the wild dogs of India, Africa, Australia, and Esquimaux dogs of the Arctic regions. In no instance do we meet with any of the choice breeds of dogs, resembling the poodles, pugs, Blenheim or King Charles spaniels, or toy terriers—such breeds are only to be obtained by the greatest care in breeding and selecting. A very luxurious and high state of civilisation appears necessary to accomplish successfully the breeding of such abnormal forms; for we well know how soon the finest breeds are lost or deteriorated by an accidental mixture or cross of two distinct breeds; say, for instance, a pug and an Italian greyhound, would produce one of the commonest looking mongrels that can well be imagined; it is, therefore, an undisputed fact, that any neglected breeds are immediately lost, and the tendency to return to one of common origin, is a strong argument in support of the truth of the theory, that all the choice breeds of dogs have descended from wolves and jackals.

A NEW GAME.—The new game of Annexation has been brought out by Messrs. Asser & Sherwin, of the Strand, and for two players is most interesting. It is played on a board with eighty men, like small draughtsmen. The men are different colours on each side, and the play is to annex your opponent's pieces, endeavouring to get as many of your own on the outside squares; the greater number on these winning the game.

NICE STEEPLE CHASES will be held on January 22, 25, and 28, the Grand Prix de Monaco (steeple-chase handicap) being set for the first day (Monday), the Prix de Monte Carlo (hurdle race handicap) for the second day (Thursday), and the Grand Prix de la Ville (steeple chase handicap for the third day (Sunday)). The engagements for the two first-named stakes will close on December 12, to M. Merelle, Paris; or to Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, in London.

MUSIC.

MUSIC intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday.

CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

CAGNONI'S opera, *Papa Martin*, was performed, on Tuesday last, at the Lyceum Theatre under its English title, *The Porter of Havre*. The English translation was made by Mr. John Oxenford, whose adaptation of the original play (*Les Crochets du Père Martin*), under the title of *The Porter's Knot*, afforded to the great actor Robson one of his best opportunities for the display of pathos and power, blended with rough humour, in the character of the old porter, Sampson Burr. It will be remembered that *The Porter of Havre* was first produced by the Carl Rosa Opera Company at the Princess's Theatre last year. It was unfavourably received by the press and the public, and was only saved from utter contempt by the clever acting of Mr. Santley as the old porter, Father Martin. As a musical work, it possesses hardly a redeeming quality. The separate melodies are commonplace and poor, the concerted music is of the weakest kind, and the orchestration presents no merits to compensate for the poverty of the vocal music. The opera was so severely condemned last year by all whose opinions were of importance—and in some cases by significant silence instead of open condemnation—that it was generally supposed *The Porter of Havre* would be consigned to the limbo of admitted failures; and much surprise was felt in musical circles when it was announced for performance in the last week of the current season. Possibly by way of excuse, and to invest it with adventitious attractions, it was stated that it would be given for "the benefit of Mr. Santley, in compliance with many requests." The reality of an extensively expressed desire for another hearing of the work we have no wish to dispute, but the appearance of the theatre was not such as to warrant a belief that the general public were interested. More than half the boxes were empty, and other parts of the house were but thinly attended. The popularity of Mr. Santley no doubt prevented the performance from proving an utter failure, so far as public attendance was concerned, but it was evident that his name alone was not sufficiently popular to fill the theatre, and that the usual constituency—preferring to wait for opportunities of hearing him in a work better worthy his abilities—had stayed away severely.

We have been warm supporters of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, and have had many occasions to praise its operations. It is with sincere regret that we find ourselves compelled to advert on such errors of judgment as that exhibited in the revival of Cagnoni's flimsy work, after the strong and general condemnation which it had received. We can only suppose that it was revived for the sake of enabling Mr. Santley to display his histrionic abilities. But the artists of an opera company are singers first—actors afterwards; and, however gratifying it may be to an operatic artist to gather purely histrionic laurels in a difficult acting part, we doubt the policy of permitting the gratification of personal display of this kind at the cost of injury to the reputation of an opera company, which has honorably earned distinction by the performance of sterling works. On Tuesday last, Mr. Santley acted the part of Father Martin with genuine dramatic power; but musical people do not go to an opera for the sake of the actors, but the music. Had he repeated his impersonation of Figaro in Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*, we venture to say that the theatre would have been crowded. It had been rumoured that Mozart's great opera would be given before the end of the season, and all lovers of music were hopefully expectant. At the last moment, they find their expectations disappointed, and Mozart is exiled from the Lyceum, to make room for Cagnoni! Let us hope that Mr. Carl Rosa, whose sound musical taste we have always warmly recognized, will have the necessary firmness to prevent any repetition of the blunder which was thus committed. Let us also hope that Mr. Santley may in future content himself with his well-earned honours as the greatest baritone on the English operatic stage, and may abstain from trying to gather figs from thistles. His ambition to shine in various spheres has led him to attempt such parts as *Fra Diavolo*, and others which require a higher compass than he possesses, and the injurious results have been evident in the partial loss of the brightness, resonance, and sympathetic quality which formerly distinguished his voice. It is of importance to the cause of English opera that the powers of so excellent an artist should be preserved with the greatest care; and we should be glad to find him henceforth content with the magnificent opportunities afforded him in his legitimate walk of art.

All the artists acquitted themselves well. Miss Gaylord was natural and graceful as *Amélie*. Miss Yorke's clever acting almost made Olympia acceptable. Mrs. Aynsley Cook (*Geneviève*) acted with genuine dramatic feeling. Mr. Packard's Armand showed great improvement both in his acting and singing. Mr. C. Lyall (*Félicien*) enlivened the piece by his capital acting. Mr. Ludwig gave importance to the part of the money-lender, Charazon. Mr. Aynsley Cook, as Captain Dubourg, sang well; but dressed the merchant captain in an extraordinary fashion, combining the costumes of an Albanian, a livery servant, and the "Red Rover." Of Mr. Santley's admirable impersonation of Father Martin we have already spoken. The audience, if not numerous, was hearty in applause whenever opportunities occurred, and encored the comic dance by Mrs. Aynsley Cook and Mr. Santley, which was so much to the taste of the gallery folks, that they tried to obtain a third repetition. The choruses and dances were well executed, the *mise-en-scène* was excellent, and the orchestra made light work of the meagre instrumentation.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

DURING the last forty years the Sacred Harmonic Society has done good service to the cause of music, and its doings are matters of importance to lovers of art. Last week, its season 1876-1877 was inaugurated by a performance of Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, with Sir Michael Costa's additional accompaniments, and the attendance was large. We have not often heard better performances of Handel's famous oratorio, although on this occasion there were some blemishes which must be noticed. The additional accompaniments, though in some instances judiciously introduced, were for the most part unpleasantly noisy. Ophicleide, double bassoon, and trombones vied with the organ in deafening the audience, and the grandeur of the original work was vulgarised by a superabundance of noise, which became positively painful to sensitive ears. To conscientious and reverent additions to Handel's score—such as the additional accompaniments written by Mozart—praise may be readily accorded; but Sir Michael Costa seems to be incapable of the task, and his additional accompaniments to *Israel in Egypt* are detrimental to that work. Costa, by force of noise, usurps the attention due to Handel, and obscures many of Handel's best conceptions. The organ was also unnecessarily loud. With the large band of the society, and the additional brass instruments playing their loudest, there could be no necessity for the abuse of the great power of the large organ which on this, as on most occasions, was conspicuous. Mr. Willing, is an able organist, but he is mistaken if he thinks that his needlessly loud playing displays his ability to advantage. The exaggeration of power in the instrumental department makes it necessary for the singers to shout and scream when they should

sing, and a little reflection will convince any unprejudiced person that such performances as that under notice would hardly have been satisfactory to Handel himself. Sir Michael Costa's conducting was masterly, so far as times and readings were concerned; but for some time past, both in oratorio and opera, he has shown the tendency, which was conspicuous last week, to extract the greatest possible amount of noise from his orchestra. The choruses were, on the whole, well sung; but some of the choristers were unable to execute semiquaver passages with sufficient smoothness, and therefore were occasionally behind time. The great "Hailstone" chorus, and the other well-known choral numbers, elicited hearty applause, and it was evident that the choir is of finer quality than that of last year.

The principal vocalists were Mmes. Nouver, Horne, and Julia Elton; MM. Lloyd, Hilton, and Lewis Thomas. The two last-named gentlemen joined in the duet "The Lord is a man of war," which was encored, although not particularly well sung. Madame Nouver has a clear, powerful, soprano voice, but her singing was unsatisfactory, being almost devoid of expression. Miss Julia Elton gave careful readings of her two airs, and Miss Ellen Horne sang neatly in the duet "The Lord is my strength." The only really satisfactory singing was that of Mr. Lloyd, whose delivery of "The enemy said" was a fine example of expressive declamation.

Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* will be performed December 15.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company will perform next week at Manchester. We regret to learn that owing to ill health Mr. Carl Rosa will be unable to accompany his troupe in the provinces, his medical advisers having insisted on his taking rest from professional labours.

The Cambridge University Musical Society have already commenced preparations for their 150th concert, to be given at the Cambridge Guildhall on the second Thursday in March next, in honour of Herr Joachim, who will on that day receive the degree of Doctor of Music in the Senate House. A symphony in C minor, written for the occasion by Johannes Brahms, will be performed by the band of the Society, reinforced by a number of professional artists, with an excellent leader in Mr. Burnett, leader of the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts.

Mr. Frederic Cowen's opera, *Pauline*, will be performed by the Carl Rosa Company at Manchester on Tuesday next, when the composer will himself conduct.

Mr. Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Henry Gadsby are both spoken of as likely successors to the late Mr. Cooper in the valuable post of organist at the Chapel Royal.

Alcestis, with Mr. Henry Gadsby's music, will be performed in English at the Crystal Palace on Thursday next, under the direction of Mr. Charles Wyndham.

MISS EMILY MOTT'S ANNUAL CONCERT, which took place in St. James's (large) Hall, yesterday week, was attended by a crowded audience, when the remarkably successful efforts of the *beneficiare* were seconded by Madame Blanche Cole, Miss Agnes Larkcom, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. W. T. Wrighton, Mr. Thurley Beale, Mr. Winn, and Miss Clinton Fynes. The band of the Grenadier Guards, under Mr. Dan Godfrey's conductorship, was also present. Sir Julius Benedict's "By the sad sea waves" (accompanied by the composer), was given with great effect, by Miss Mott, who succeeded in reminding not a few of the listeners of Madame Sainton-Dolby. The rich notes of the lower register of her voice, told also in Sullivan's "Let me dream again"; and in the contralto part of Gambart's duet, "Cheerfulness," which was given in association with Madame Blanche Cole. Miss Mott is to be congratulated on having made great progress in her art since her last important appearance before the public. Miss Agnes Larkcom, possessor of a soprano of exquisite quality, an admirable style, and remarkable power as an executant, achieved one of the triumphs of the evening in Bishop's "Gentle Lark" (with flute obbligato, by Mr. Keppel), which was rapturously encored. The concert, which was generally of a popular character, proved entirely acceptable to the troops of friends and admirers of the fair *beneficiare* who had assembled to do her honour.

AQUATICS, ATHLETICS, ETC.

As a very old friend of mine describes it, there have been "small ructions" in the aquatic world of late, Boyd and Higgins both going in for a great deal of "paper staining," which might well be dispensed with; whilst friends on both sides, as our Yankee cousins delight to describe it, have been slinging ink to a merry tune. The bone of contention appears to be where the so-called champion match is to be rowed, the north countryman strenuously going in for his river (the Tyne), whilst Higgins, and in "Exon's" opinion, as expressed last week quite properly—declares that the proper place to row is on the Thames. Any amount of twaddle in print will not make the public change their opinions; and I can only for my part state my own opinions, viz., that Boyd with that want of good taste that has characterised more than one match of late on the part of Tyne-siders, is simply attempting to gain a paper notoriety, and keep matters moving until the Londoner, being disgusted at not getting on a match, retires from the aquatic sphere as the unaccepted challenger of the whole world. I say this a trifle advisedly, as from the straightforward way in which Rush the Australian settler has spoken, he means to have a cut at Trickett, and it is to be hoped that should he be successful he will come over to the old country, and give the followers of aquatic sports a chance of seeing what he is really worth. I rather guess he is a shade better than people think for; at any rate he is an Englishman bred I believe, and blood will tell we know. The *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* have offered a huge champion Cup to be rowed for, with a stake of 100 sovereigns extra, the number of competitors to be restricted to six, and the first match to be rowed on the Tyne from the High Level Bridge to Scotswood Suspension Bridge some day during next March. For a full and detailed list of the conditions I must refer my readers to the columns of my northern contemporary. At Oxford, the trial eights have been in rare practice, and on Wednesday there were three crews out, but the best work was done by the team stroked by Mulgan, of Worcester, they going the long course satisfactorily. Those who know, or pretend to know what is what, say the dark blue neophytes are too big and heavy, but a really good big man, if he be "real jam," is always the superior of a little "good one," much as I like the latter; and I think Oxford will make a rare bid for the blue ribbon of the river next March, and if they win, I hope Exon's readers will consider he was the first to "give the office." I have not heard when the trials on the Isis are to take place, but come what will, I shall plump for Mulgan and those behind him. The Can-tabs have been leaving no stone unturned, although the work done has during the last few days been light, starting practice being the principal feature of their doings in anticipation of the trials which took place yesterday (Friday), when both boats, strange to say, were stroked by members of Jesus College, and making a plunge, I shall go for the heavier crew, and record my vote in favour of Hoskyn and his partners. On Monday last C. Smith, of Hackney, and H. Bull, of the Unity R.C., sculled from Chis-

wick Eyot to Putney, for a tennet a-side, and the former, after a good race, won by half a length, the winner being coached by J. Salter, and Bull by W. Sadler.

In athletics much has not been done, the Freshmen's meeting at Oxford and Christ's College, Cambridge, being all that presents itself to me. With regard to the former I can say but little, as the sports only commenced on Wednesday, and therefore I have no final heats to deal with, but the new men seem to be of a good class, at 5ft 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in is a rare freshman's jump on a new take off, and the performer, Higgs, of Worcester, is likely to get his blue next term. At the rival 'Varsity on Monday and Tuesday, the Christians were busy at Fenner's, but the performances taken all round were poor, the only feature worthy of notice being the Strangers' Hurdle Handicap, which Gartside, of St. John's, with 8 yards' start, won by a yard from J. Brockbank, of the L.A.C., who was scratch, the time 18 1-5 sec being nothing grand. With regard to the match—O'Leary v. Crossland—it will suffice for me to state that the Yankee won as the Sheffielder had to turn it up through going lame, after he had covered 254 miles and a lap, the stranger being allowed to stop at 10h 2min rosee, on Thursday evening, he then having done ten miles more than his opponent. All the tall talking between Weston and O'Leary has resulted in nothing, just what I fancied; but in my opinion, Weston has all the best of it, and all true thinkers, I am sure, will agree with me. "Exon" would like to see them meet in a week's walk, and he would "put his stint on" the winner, and that would be Weston, who despite all the nonsense and "gas" that is indulged in by those who envy his cleverness in going for gates is, I know, a wonder.

Football I dread to start upon, as I promised my readers a benefit this week, and I don't feel up to keeping my word, as I have exactly eighty-four matches before me, so I shall once more promise to oblige, and content myself with noticing the one great match of the week, viz., between Woolwich and Sandhurst, on Saturday, at Kennington Oval. When Greek meets Greek, &c., and it was war in miniature, as after a terrific fight neither side gained any virtual advantage, the point obtained being a solitary touch down on the part of Sandhurst in self-defence. Marlow beat Forest School by a goal to nil in the second ties for the Association Cup, trial goal being made by a sterling good athlete R. Shaw.

Billiards, I love thee, but must leave thee with but a poor notice although it is my misfortune and not my fault. On Monday night G. Hunt played F. Drew at the Savoy Palace, conceding 300 points in 1,000, and George won easily, making several really good breaks, of which 99 (all spots) and 110 (unfinished) were the most conspicuous. On Tuesday Cook gave Brereton 450 points in 1,000 at the Paris Divan, Railway Approach; but although he won, it was only by 30 points, despite a grand run of 326 (101 spots). Wednesday night saw the Champion and Stanley engaged on their old terms—viz., 180 in 700 at billiards, and one ball each game at pyramids, the best of nine. Cook scored the double event, his best breaks being 66 (5 spots), 51 (8 spots), 141 (41 spots), 171 (47 spots), and 79 (unfinished); Stanley's best run being 93 (28 spots). By-the-bye, I can give my readers a little exclusive information—viz., that last Friday evening, at Beechey and Eyles's Rooms, Oxford, Cook played 1,000 up in the grand time of 1 hour 15 min., scoring 875 in five breaks, and even then he did not take out his watch, a la Roberts in Australia, and inform the company what he had done.

Bicycling I don't love thee, but still many of my readers do; and, therefore, I must state that last Saturday, at Lillie-bridge, a two miles handicap was decided, G. P. Coleman, of the London Club, with 180 yards start, eventually winning by ten yards from W. Smith, of the same club, with 160 yards; he defeated McWilliam, of the Temple Club, who had 140 yards, by 12 yards for second place. On Monday, at the same ground, J. S. Fryer, of East Moulsey, and E. Dickman, of Surbiton, were engaged in a twenty-five miles match. I am sorry to say that Dickman met with a severe accident, his machine "skidding," as it is called, I believe, and throwing him so heavily that he could not finish.

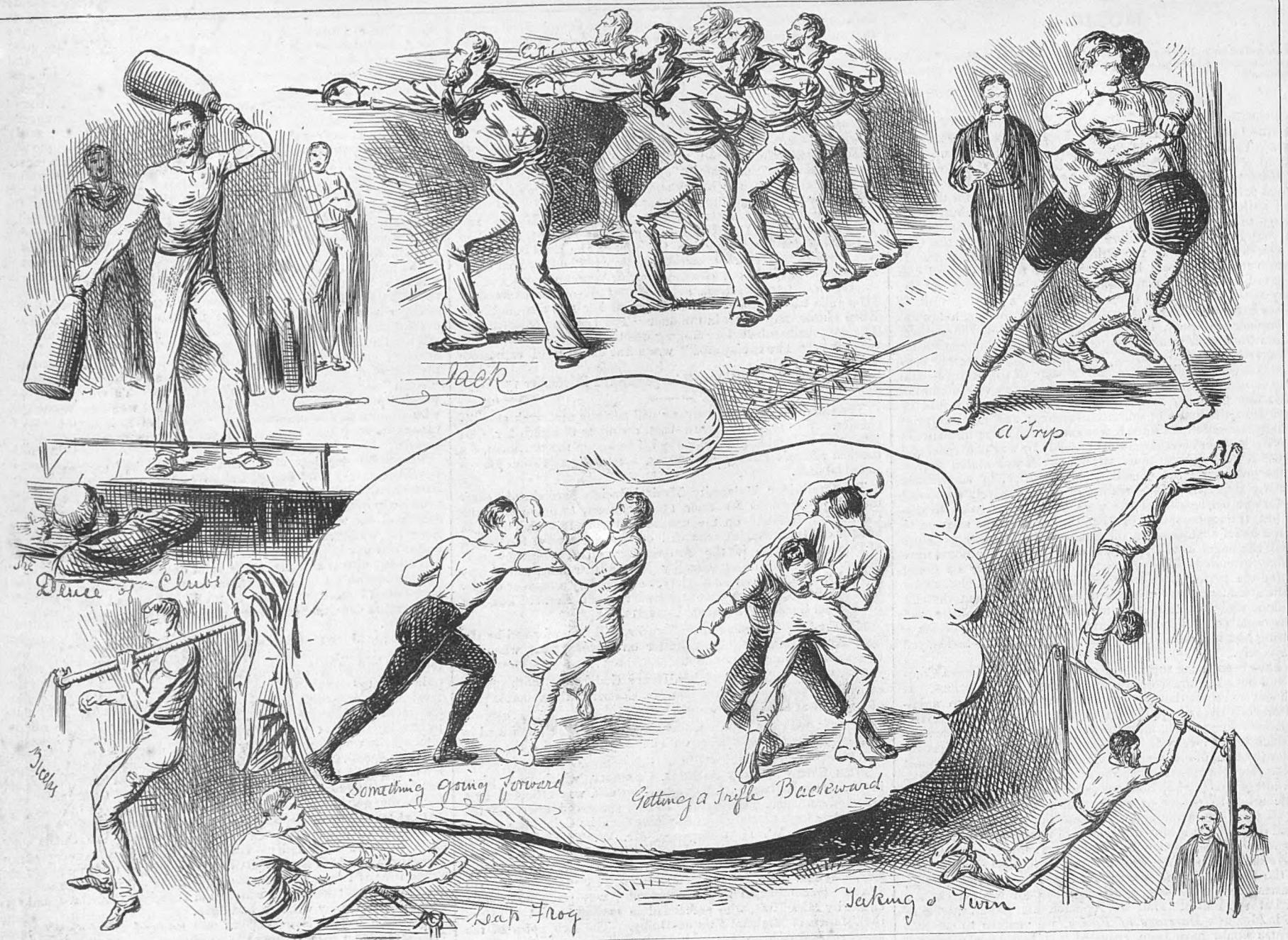
By-the-bye, although not quite in my line to notice, I must mention that a person who was, as I might say, an old friend, Mrs. Elizabeth Coxeter, died at Newbury, last Tuesday, at an age but few weeks short of 102 years, retaining all her faculties to the finish. She was not so celebrated as her husband, who was the eminent clothier, who in 1811 won a bet of 1,000 sovereigns from Sir John Throgmorton, by making a coat from wool growing on a sheep's back in thirteen hours; he having to shear the sheep, card the wool, &c. &c. I have an old picture describing the feat in detail, and, what is more, it is not likely to be parted with by

EXON.

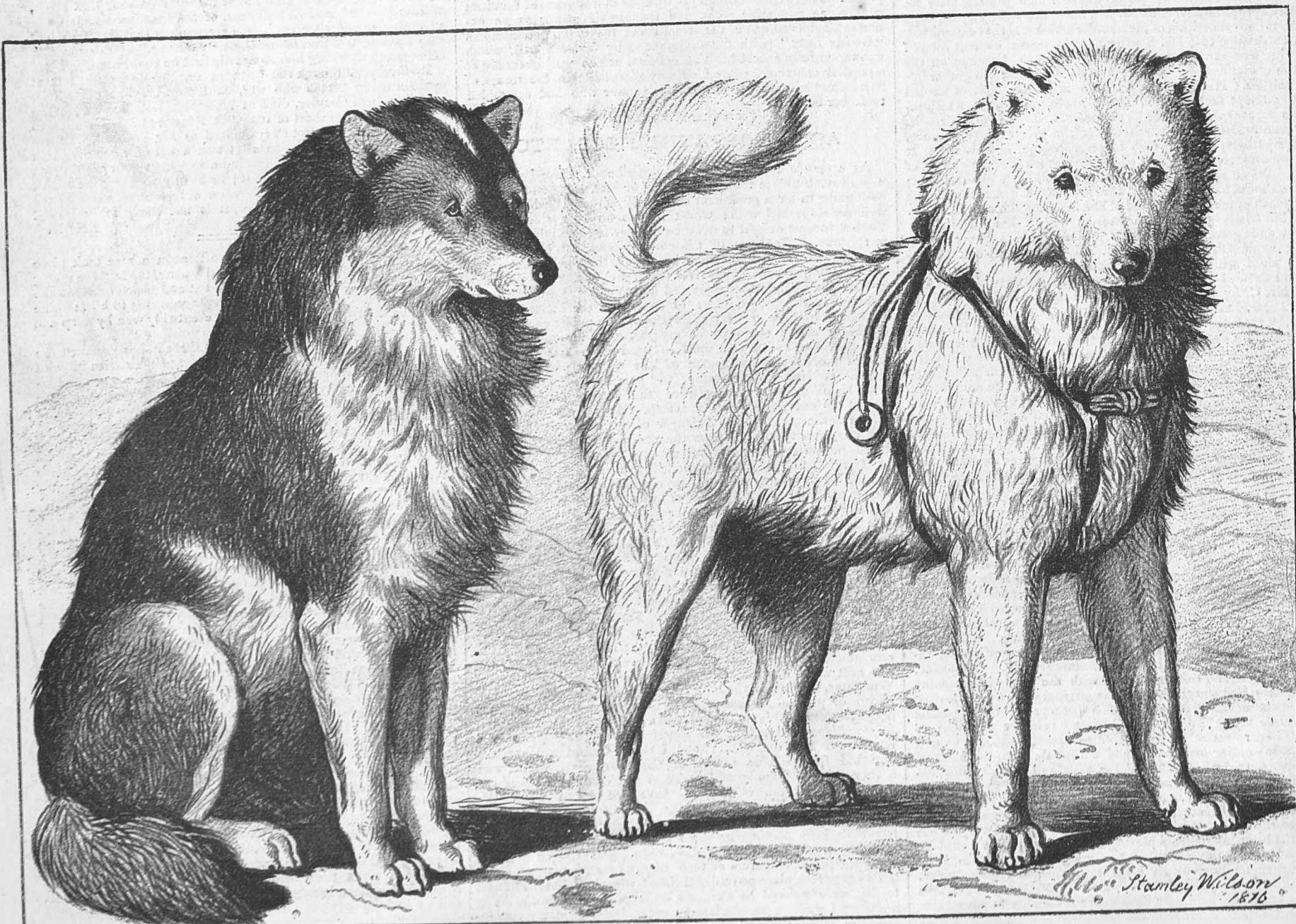
AT Brighton on last Saturday afternoon a race took place between D. Stanton, the bicyclist, and a pony, the latter receiving half a mile start in ten miles. Stanton at one period overtook the pony, but failed to maintain the advantage owing to his machine becoming disarranged, and the pony eventually won by a lap and a half. Time, 34min 28 sec.

THE Lecture Hall, Carter-street, Walworth, has favoured the members of the institution it belongs to, and their friends, with many pleasant evenings of late. On the 20th ult. a vocal and instrumental concert was given by Mr. W. Corri, jun., who made his debut as an orchestral leader with great praise. Miss Eleanor Corri, a favourite pupil of the late Mr. J. W. Thirlwall, sang with good feeling and effect a little song, composed by herself, which promises to become popular with the music-sellers, entitled "The Cricket," and the entire performance was one which gave much satisfaction to a crowded and sometimes too demonstratively noisy audience.

THE Smithfield Club Cattle Show will this year mark a new epoch in its history. For the first time, the Birmingham committee hold their show after that at Islington, and the consequence of this favourable arrangement is that the entry of live stock at the Agricultural Hall for the forthcoming Christmas exhibition will nearly equal that of 1864. Signs of activity in Barford-street and within the Hall commenced unusually early; and many of the implements were in their places on Monday last. To the casual observer it is always a puzzle that the first arrivals of cattle should, with scarcely an exception, be black. The mystery is explained by a little consideration. The polled Scotch breeds, having to come from places as far north as Aberdeen, take the journey in good time, so that they may recover from their fatigue before the opening of the show. Now and then among these black beasts will appear a red Highlander, but as a rule the sable shade prevails. It will be remembered by all persons interested in the plans and doings of the Smithfield Club, that new prizes were last year offered for fat lambs in the three principal breeds of sheep. The result was so satisfactory that it has this year been determined to extend the lamb prizes to all breeds in the show; and it is expected that the display will be very interesting. On the recommendation of Mr. James Howard, of Bedford, pigs will be weighed, as other animals have hitherto been; and this new arrangement is hailed with satisfaction by all practical persons, inasmuch as it is even more necessary to know what weight a pig gains in a given time than to mark such increase in an ox or sheep. The pig-weighing, however, cannot be managed quite so easily; and the only possible plan is to have them brought to the show in cages. The show opens on Monday with the judging; and at two o'clock the unusually large array of champion cups will be awarded.



ASSAULT AT ARMS AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.



THE ARCTIC DOGS OF THE "PANDORA."



SCENE FROM "HOT WATER," AT THE CRITERION THEATRE.



SCENE FROM "BIRDS IN THEIR LITTLE NESTS AGREE," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

TURFIANA.

RACING legitimacy has now been finally overthrown, and if one need entertain no apprehension as to the setting in of a "reign of terror," we may calculate upon the same dismal round of sport in the suburbs; and with the disappearance of the Leviathans, the little fish come forth to sport in shoals to have their "little day" feeding upon the crumbs of sport, and keeping up a sputtering sort of penny popgun fire during the regular racing armistice. Now seedy "sham captains," enterprising publicans, and the fast young gents of the music-hall type gird up their loins and make themselves ready for action in the Diddlesex pastures or Surrey dairy farms. Now the owner of half a dicky leg of some cast off reprobate drafted from the sphere of respectability in which he formerly moved, takes sweet counsel with his fellows as to the "little game" which shall be played with their precious "clothes horse," and puff out their waistcoats, fired with noble pride to find themselves pillars of the turf and patrons of the "national sport." The procession of nobles and swells has passed by, and in the track of the pageant come the *gamins* of the byways and hedges, disporting themselves as though they caught a "tune" from the magnificent personages in whose wake they are content to follow right humbly. For the next four months the jumpers will have it all to themselves, from the highly schooled fencer which no obstacle can daunt, to his obscure congener requiring a country to be specially laid down for his limited powers of negotiation. Sooth to say we have supped full of racing, good, bad, and indifferent, and do not care to follow the "genius of sport" into the lower phase of life he is destined to adorn for a while. *Datur hora quieti*—or rather would that a quiet month or two might be set aside for a thorough cessation of hostilities, when a renewal of the game would be more thoroughly enjoyed than our present desultory method of passing through the unamiable English climate, of which we are encountering the advanced guard, damp and fog, and the cruel cutting east wind.

Alec Taylor and Tom Aldcroft going the rounds at Tattersall's, on Monday, gave a bit of racing flavour to proceedings at the Gate, and the usual crowd of nondescripts and hangers-on made a respectable audience later in the day. Still, there was nothing very taking among the Manton lot, and, considering his lavish expenditure, both as regards yearlings and their nominations, no one trains with worse luck than Mr. Crawford, whose scarlet jacket all racegoers rejoice to see in the van. Some misfortune is sure to befall his cracks, and his last year's expensive purchase, Central Fire, appears not to be worth the pin of a cartridge, according to public form. Flying Scotchman looked a thorough wretch, albeit he springs from that sweet racing pony Borealis, but we suppose it all springs of the "accursed blood" on his sire's side. Jarvis's taste for Bric-a-Brac is likely to turn out an expensive one, and, of the lot, command us to Eustace, who looks like making a fencer, with those fine quarters, and hocks well let down. Colonel Maude's purchase for the Royal Stud will not ruin him, and if Alexandra is not much to look at, her paper pedigree makes amends, and at any rate she has youth on her side. Queen Mab looks just about worth the "tenner" Alec Taylor was content to stand for the ewe-necked daughter of Lambton, and then we had the results of Mr. Cartwright's infatuated patronage of the "beautiful Ely," in two fillies, fit only to be booted up for hounds. To our mind, there was a good deal to like in Alpenstock, a thick-set, muscular horse, cast quite in the mould of "Old Rat," but handicap heroes do not, as a rule, blossom into high-class sires, and Sir M. Crofton got him cheap enough, for "country purposes," at thirty sovereigns. The rest were "all but leather and prunella," and there was no Gang Forward, as in the draft of last year, to make a sensation lot, and to hold levee after levee of Cockney admirers.

The great jockey class list has been issued by the examiners of "winning mounts," and the result was as much a foregone conclusion as the end of the world, and it may be said of F. Archer that, like Eclipse, he was first and the rest nowhere. Since Matthew Dawson took him by the hand, and told him, in the words of the benevolent master to the industrious apprentice, that "a prosperous career was before him, if he would only stick to business," the quondam light-weight of Heath House has won golden opinions from all sorts of people, and the struggle for his services has involved, as much diplomacy as would suffice to settle the Eastern question off hand. Unlike too many of the spoiled children of fortune, Archer has not permitted prosperity to turn his head, but has gone on steadily working for the highest honours of his profession. Let us hope that his example will prove beneficial to those who aim at following in his footsteps, and that the "popular light-weight" with his unlimited "fizz" Brodignan cigars, and Mephistophelian mentors, has passed away from scenes in which he formerly figured so conspicuously. Constable, who was once rather inclined to join the fast division, has thought better of it, and settled down into a better line, which we hope he may hold to the end. Among the galaxy of rising talent it is refreshing to find such steady going old "stars" as the two "Tom's," Cannon and Chalon, Custance, Goater, John Osborne, and Jim Snowden still holding their own, and it would be interesting to know how many shining lights they have seen go up like a rocket, and come down like the stick. No wonder that so many fall, like Lucifer, never to rise again, when we can bring ourselves to contemplate the very small chance of following the right path that most of these pampered manikins possess, and the hosts of evil spirits arrayed against them, immediately the fruits of their talent assume a tangible shape.

Sport was spun out most unmercifully at Warwick, though Manchester put in a counter claim for Mr. Merry's two last days, which were certainly not benefited thereby. We fear the racing generally must be set down as very small beer indeed, and the "Rogues' March" might not inappropriately have played the meeting out, which saw such "thieves" as Pilgrim, Macadam, Claremont, and Pageant, picking unhappy backers pockets, and further confounding public form. The mixture of illegitimate business showed that the end of the season was at hand, and that a new set of performers were required to fill up the interlude between Warwick and our next merry meeting at Lincoln. Considering that interruptions by frost are of too frequent occurrence during the racing recess, we wonder that some enterprising spirits have not "hit upon something that's new," in order to bilk these inevitable postponements. The mechanical hare is alleged to be a success, and there is no earthly reason why the Kingsbury course should not be laid with tracks for mechanical horses, some of which would be infinitely more valuable than the wretched rips that go the winter suburban circuit. One drawback to mechanical horses would be, we presume, their liability to run straight, but we presume each owner would be allowed to pull his own wire, and then some very interesting complications would take place. We commend the consideration of this idea to some enterprising C.C., as it would ensure plenty of betting, and then all the requirements of a winter meeting would be fulfilled. As we write, Croydon is in full swing, but we shall touch upon the meeting more *in extenso* next week, when the ground will be clear for some Derby talk, a little of which generally crops up about Christmas. There should be no doubt about its being a good betting race, for nothing stops the way at present, and opinions seem to be vastly divided as to the pretensions of Chamant.

The Turf is generally supposed to have sins enough to bear, without being saddled with those remotely connected with it; and it seems extraordinary, therefore, that such prominence should have been given in a certain sporting journal to divers sensational incidents connected with the so-called "Great Turf Swindle" case, a report of doings in connection with which has lately appeared in the dailies. It is an ill-bred that fouls its own nest, and why our contemporary should go out of its way to connect with the sport which it professes to chronicle, the nefarious transactions of a gang of swindlers, quite passes our comprehension. Doubtless, many believers in infallible systems and "winning moduses" have been decoyed to their fate by charlatans of the type of the once notorious and infamous "Balliee and Walter," but surely the Turf cannot be held accountable for such transactions, any more than the Stock Exchange can be considered responsible for the many shady deeds perpetrated in the name of stock-brokering. We have heard nothing of the new proposed racing code since the Houghton Meeting; but it is to be hoped that members of the Jockey Club may be summoned during the recess to settle the business off-hand, in order that the rules may take effect from the 1st of January next. So far it seems to have been pretty plain sailing, but perhaps the final revision will provoke much discussion, and there is no time like the present for the Jockey Club to put their house in order, and to publish their digest, so that it may receive the attention of all racing men before the commencement of another season. Rosebery is reported to be sold for a large sum, and we deem it sound policy on the part of Mr. James Smith to close with an offer which is said to have been munificent in the extreme. People who "study handicaps" with such profitable results naturally regard cups and plates as very small beer indeed, and on the principal of throwing away the sucked orange, the sale of Rosebery seems to be no error of judgment on the part of his late owner.

SKYLARK.

THE NAILS IN THE HORSE'S SHOES.

Our half-serious half-jocose invitation, given a fortnight ago, has been responded to by a cloud of correspondents, many of whom, we may say, have sent correct answers to the old-fashioned poser, referred to by Sam Weller, as to the nails in the horse's shoes. And the cry is—"Still they come." Every post brings its bundle of letters from persons who have worked out the problem, more or less correctly—chiefly less correctly—until we are compelled to cry out—"Hold! enough." Be it distinctly understood, then, that we shall have no further room for any communications on the subject of the nails in the horse's shoes, and that, therefore, this paragraph closes all correspondence on the subject. At the same time, it is due to two of the latest correspondents that their communications should be noticed. The original querist writes as follows:—

SIR,—There has been much said and very much done in the way of educating the population of old England, and there is yet a great deficiency in a very important branch, as the world goes now. From what I gleaned in your last Sunday's edition, my letter on the problem for solution of the nails in a horse's shoes is a teaser, and not so easy to solve. I have not the paper before me, but if my memory is correct, there are no less than twelve competitors. Two named the same sum, and two others the same, different to the first. Then four the same sum, but different to any of the others. Now, the schoolmaster is abroad very much with most of them. As to the one who rejoices in the cogency of his grandmother, he would be much better employed demolishing new-laid eggs; but he is well up in the fourth rule of arithmetic.—A SUBSCRIBER FROM YOUR FIRST NUMBER.

Then we have the following, which speaks volumes:—

SIR,—In reply to your question, viz., "suppose I bought a horse, on the condition that I gave a farthing for the first nail and doubled it every nail (eight nails in each shoe) what would be his price?" my son (twelve years of age) has worked this out and declares that the price would be £4,473,924 5s. 3*½*d. I enclose you his figures in which he shows you the price of each shoe:—First shoe, 5s. 3*½*d.; second, £68; third, £17,408; fourth, £4,456,448; total, £4,473,924 5s. 3*½*d. THOS. H. CROWE.

"23, St. George's Square, Regent's Park, N.W.

And there the matter must end. From the 873 letters (the actual number, as the bewildered publisher is prepared to testify) which have been received since Saturday last we despair of extracting anything calculated to interest the general reader. In future, remembering Master Crowe, we shall hope that no person will have the daring to send forth a problem akin to that of the nails in the horse's shoes without consulting "the boy."

MARGUERITE BEFORE THE IMAGE OF THE MATER DOLOROSA.

THIS engraving is from a painting, reproductions of which in various forms are popular all over Europe. The original was one of a series of eight subjects from Goethe's tragedy of *Faust*, by Dr. A. Von Kreling, director of the Royal Academy of Arts, in Nuremberg, all of which have now been engraved. The scene is, that in the Recess where Margaret brings fresh flowers to set in pots before the devotional image of the Mater Dolorosa. Her wailing outburst of grief and agony so inexpressibly touching in the original, has been translated as follows:—

Mother of many sorrows! deign, oh deign!
To turn Thy face with pity on my pain!
The sword hath enter'd in Thy heart,
Thou of thousand pangs hast part;
Thou lookest up, thou gazest on
The death of HIM who was thy son!
Thy gaze doth to the Father rise
And to His throne:
Thou for His grief dost breathe thy sighs
And for thine own!
Who feels—who knows—
How fiercely glows
The torment that doth pierce me to the bone?
How my poor heart, in throbbi.g, burns;
Ah! how it trembles, how it yearns.
Thou knowest—and but thou alone!
Where'er—where'er I go,
What woe—what woe, what woe,
Within my bosom here is stirring—waking!
Alas! alas! now, scarce alone alone am I;
I weep, I weep, ah! bitterly I cry:
My heart, my very heart, is in me breaking.
The flower-pots at my window
Were wet with tears like dew
As I in the early morning
Gathered these flowers for you.
A cheerful beam in my chamber
The sun at his rising shed;
When ready—in all my sorrow
I sat on my sleepless bed.
Help! save me from disgrace and death! incline,
Mother of many sorrows! turn thy glance
Thy pitying countenance
Upon this anguish and distress of mine!

LAMPLUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE.—HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES, AND USE NO OTHER; this alone is the true antidote in Fevers, Eruptive Affections, Sea or Bilious Sickness, having peculiar and exclusive merits. For the protection of the public against fraudulent imitations, I have applied for and again obtained a perpetual injunction with costs, against a defendant. Observe the GENUINE has my NAME and TRADE MARK on a BUFF-COLOURED WRAPPER.—113, Holborn-hill, London.—[Advt.]

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

WARWICK MEETING.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23.

The WELTER HANDICAP of 10 sovs each, 3 ft; 5 fur. 15 subs. Mr. Wadlow's b h Instantly, by Paul Clifford—Algazelle, 6 yrs, 9st 10lb F. Archer 1 Major Stapylton's b f Slander, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb W. Macdonald 2 Mr. F. Gretton's ch c Macadam, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb (car 8st 8lb) ... T. Cannon 1 Also ran: Hesper, 3 yrs, 9st 5lb; Catseye, 4 yrs, 9st 3lb; The Shah, 5 yrs, 8st 10lb; Woodman of Arden, 4 yrs, 8st 9lb; Herald, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb; Mayfair, 4 yrs, 8st 6lb; Majesty, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb.

Betting: 9 to 2 each agst Catseye and Slander, 5 to 1 agst Mayfair, 6 to 1 agst Instantly, 8 to 1 agst The Shah, 9 to 1 agst Herald, 11 to 1 agst Hesper, and 10 to 8 agst Macadam. Won by a length and a half; three-quarters of a length divided second and third.

HUNTERS' SELLING FLAT RACE of 5 sovs each, 50 added; 2 miles. 8 subs.

Mr. H. Hall's b g Anacreon, by Vermont—Anecdote, aged, 12st (£50) Mr. T. Spence 1 Colonel Ellis's br m Andelouse, 6 yrs, 12st (£50) Captain Northam 2 Mr. T. Ansley's ch g Lord Henry, 5 yrs, 12st 5lb (£100) Lord M. Beresford 3

Also ran: Dennis, aged, 12st 7lb (£50); Blastus, 5 yrs, 12st 5lb (£50); Pompey, 4 yrs, 12st (£200); Ianthe, 3 yrs, 12st 12lb (£50).

Betting: 6 to 4 agst Anacreon, 9 to 4 agst Lord Henry, and 6 to 1 agst Dennis. Won in a canter by two lengths; a bad third. The winner sold to Mr. W. Shee for 305 guineas.

The GREAT AUTUMN WELTER CUP of 200 sovs in specie; 1 mile. 32 subs.

Mr. Gerard's b c Claremont, by Blair Athol—Coimbra, 4 yrs, 10st 11lb (inc 6lb ex) F. Archer + wo

Mr. N. Astley's b f Empress, by Toxophilite—Musket's dam, 4 yrs, 9st 11lb (inc 6lb ex) T. Cannon +

Mr. Gomm's b c Advance, 3 yrs, 9st 13lb (inc 6lb ex) J. Goater 3

Also ran: Hellenist, 3 yrs, 9st 11lb; Josephine, 6 yrs, 10st (inc 6lb ex); Stopgap, 4 yrs, 9st 11lb (inc 6lb ex).

Betting: 9 to 4 agst Empress, 10 to 30 agst Claremont, 7 to 2 agst Advance, and 6 to 1 each agst Hellenist, Josephine, and Stopgap. A dead heat; the stakes were divided.

The FLYING SCUD CUP (Handicap) value 300 sovs, 100 added; 7 fur. 38 subs.

Mr. Christopher's r o c Strathavon—Strathconan—Parade, 4 yrs, 8st 4lb

Lord Dupplin's b c Kaleidoscope, 3 yrs, 8st 3lb F. Archer 2

Mr. Bingham's br c Fairy King, 4 yrs, 7st 13lb Morgan 3

Also ran: Speranza, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb; Appeal, 3 yrs 6st 10lb.

Betting: 11 to 10 agst Kaleidoscope, 100 to 30 agst Strathavon, 7 to 2 agst Speranza, and 12 to 1 each agst Fairy King and Appeal. Won in a canter by five lengths.

The INNKEEPERS' STAKES of 5 sovs each, 50 added. [Five furlongs. 12 subs.

Mr. Crawford's b f Dynamite, by Musket—Mrs. Waller, 2 yrs, 6st 8lb (£50) Morgan 1

Mr. F. Hardinge's b c Chesterfield, 2 yrs, 7st 9lb (£300) C. Archer 2

Mr. Greenwood's b h Rouen, aged, 9st (£50) Barlow 3

Also ran: Slumber, 5 yrs, 9st 11lb (£300); Enoch, 2 yrs, 7st 7lb (£50); McMahan, 2 yrs, 6st 11lb (£50); Agricola, 2 yrs, 7st 7lb (£50); Miss Ida, 2 yrs, 9st 8lb (£50); McMahan, 2 yrs, 6st 11lb (£50).

Betting: Even on Slumber, 4 to 1 against Dynamite, 6 to 1 agst Rouen, and 8 to 1 agst the Miss Ida filly. Won by two lengths; half a length divided second and third. The winner was sold to Mr. Bush for 310s.

The STUDLEY CASTLE CUP (Handicap) 15 sovs each, 10 ft, 100 added.

One mile and a quarter. 15 subs.

Mr. J. N. Astley's b f Empress, by Toxophilite—Musket's dam, 4 yrs, 7st 5lb (inc 6lb ex) Morgan 1

Mr. Blake's br c Tattoo, 4 yrs, 7st 4lb Chesterman 2

Captain Stirling's b in Prophecy, 6 yrs, 7st 6lb Rossiter 3

Major Stapylton's Speranza, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb F. Webb 4

Betting: 7 to 4 on Empress, 5 to 1 each agst Speranza and Tattoo, and 7 to 1 agst Prophecy. Won cleverly by a head; a bad third.

The THIRD NURSERY HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, 100 added, for two-year-olds. Three-quarters of a mile. 35 subs.

Mr. C. Bush's br c Bonchurch, by Cathedral—Barmston's dam, 6st 3lb (car 6st 4lb) Morgan 1

Mr. T. Cannon's b c Speculation, 6st 10lb J. Watts 2

Lord Vivian's b f Polly Perkins, 8st 6lb F. Archer 3

Also ran: Sabrina, 5 yrs, 1st 11lb; Central Fire, 7st 2lb; Rose Noble, 7st; Neruda, 6st 7lb; Daventry (late Sawdust), 6st 4lb; Pilot, 6st 4lb; Loafer, 6st 3lb.

Betting: 3 to 1 against Central Fire, 5 to 1 agst Speculation, 6 to 1 agst Bonchurch, 7 to 1 each agst Polly Perkins, Neruda, and Loafer, 8 to 1 agst Sabrina, and 10 to 1 agst Daventry. Won cleverly by a neck; half a length divided second and third.

HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 5 sovs each, 100 added. One mile and a half, over six flights of hurdles. 18 subs.

Mr. J. Brown's b h Shallow, by Master Fenton—Antelope, 6 yrs, 10st 7lb

R. L'Anson 1

Mr. H. Robertson's b g Juvenis, 5 yrs, 10st 11lb Ryan 2

Mr. J. B. Oerton's b f Keepsake, 4 yrs, 10st 6lb S. Daniels 3

Also ran: Revenge, aged, 12st; Rose Blush, aged, 10st 13lb; Miss Alice, 4 yrs, 10st 6lb; Semiprest, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb.

Betting: 6 to 5 on Juvenis, 3 to 1 agst Shallow, and 10 to 1 "bar two."

Won easily by a length; a bad third.

The TALLY-HO HURDLE RACE of 3 sovs each, 50 added. Two miles, over eight hurdles. 33 subs.

Mr. G. Crook's ch g Ebor, by Cathedral—Empress, by King Tom, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb (inc 6lb ex) Wyatt 1

Mr. G. Clement's ch g Sans Peur, by Ben Webster, dam by Lacydes—Castanette, 4 yrs, 10st 12lb Mr. H. M. Rudd

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs each. Five furlongs. 11 subs. Mr. F. Hardinge's b c Brunswicker, by The Duke—Abyssinia, 4 yrs, 8st 5lb Glover 1 Mr. E. Grain's b h Sir Arthur, 5 yrs, 7st 7lb Newhouse 2 Lord Dunnmore's b g Oxonian, aged, 9st 6lb F. Archer 3 Major Stappyton's Slander, 3 yrs, 9st 10lb W. Macdonald 0 Betting: 6 to 4 on Oxonian, 9 to 2 each agst Brunswicker and Sir Arthur, and 100 to 9 (at first 3 to 1) agst Slander. Won in a canter by four lengths. The GREAT MIDLAND COUNTIES HANDICAP of 25 sovs each, 15 ft, 250 added; second received 20 sovs. Two miles. 57 subs. Mr. F. Gerton's b g Pageant, by Elland—Panoply, 5 yrs, 7st 4lb Morgan 1 Mr. Crawford's b Prince George (late Brother to Royal George), 3 yrs, 7st 1lb (inc 7lb ex) F. Jeffery 2 Sir J. Astley's br Scamp, 5 yrs, 8st 1lb F. Archer 3 Also ran: Freeman, aged, 8st 12lb; Claremont, 4 yrs, 8st 1lb (inc 7lb ex) (car 8st 2lb); Innishowen, 4 yrs, 7st 6lb; Fairy King, 4 yrs, 7st 4lb; Lady Malden, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb; Tattoo, 4 yrs, 7st. Betting: 3 to 1 agst Prince George, 4 to 1 agst Innishowen, 5 to 1 agst Pageant, 7 to 1 agst Scamp, 10 to 1 agst Claremont, and 100 to 8 each agst Fairy King and Lady Malden. Won in a canter by three lengths; a bad third. The SHORTS HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, for two-year-olds. Three furlongs. 13 subs. Lord Duppilin's ch c Le Promeneur, by Saunterer—Sunnylocks, 7st 9lb F. Archer 1 Mr. J. Crick's b f Neruda, 6st 8lb Hopkins 2 Mr. F. Hardinge's b c Chesterfield, 7st 10lb Rossiter 3 Also ran: Chief, 8st 7lb; Joker, 8st 3lb; Julien, 7st 3lb; Absolon, 6st 10lb; Norwich, 6st 9lb. Betting: 11 to ro agst Le Promeneur, 9 to 2 agst Neruda, 6 to 1 agst Chesterfield, and 10 to 1 agst Absolon. Won easily by six lengths. HUNTERS' STEEPELCHASE of 10 sovs each, 100 added. Three miles. 12 subs. Mr. H. Scarborough's br m Lucy, by Commotion, dam by Flatcatcher, aged, 13st 2lb (inc 12lb ex) Mr. W. H. Johnstone 1 Mr. J. Jessop's b g Boyne Water, 4 yrs, 12st 4lb (inc 12lb ex) Mr. E. P. Wilson 2 Mr. Yates's b g Crawler, aged, 13st 2lb (inc 12lb ex) Owner 3 Also ran: Safeguard, 5 yrs, 12st 7lb (inc 7lb ex); Minar, aged, 13st 2lb (inc 12lb ex); Altitude, 4 yrs, 12st (inc 7lb ex); Merry Thorn, 4 yrs, 12st 2lb (inc 12lb ex); Grattan, aged, 13st 2lb (inc 12lb ex); Bedford, 6 yrs, 13st 2lb (inc 12lb ex). Betting: 3 to 1 each agst Lucy and Boyne Water, 5 to 1 agst Crawler, 6 to 1 agst Grattan, and 10 to 1 each agst Safeguard, Minar, and Bedford. Won by a neck; a bad third. HUNTERS' FLAT RACE of 10 sovs each, 100 added. Two miles. 39 subs. Mr. Spraggett's br c Northfleet, by The Rescue—Compton Lass, 4 yrs, 12st 2lb (inc 12lb ex) Mr. E. P. Wilson 1 Mr. Billinghurst's ch c Monitor, 4 yrs, 11st 7lb Mr. F. G. Hobson 2 Mr. W. R. Brockton's ch f Maid of Honour, 4 yrs, 12st 2lb (inc 12lb ex) Owner 3 Also ran: Andalouse, 6 yrs, 12st 4lb; Albert, aged, 12st 1lb (inc 7lb ex). Betting: 5 to 2 each agst Northfleet and Albert, 3 to 1 agst Monitor, and 100 to 30 agst Maid of Honour. Won by a length; bad third.

SATURDAY.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs each. Five furlongs. 12 subs. Captain Machell's b c Telescope, by Speculum—Remembrance, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb Morgan 1 Mr. T. Wadlow's br h Instantly, 6 yrs, 9st 7lb F. Archer 2 Mr. Hardinge's b c Brunswicker, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb C. Archer 3 Betting: 6 to 4 agst Telescope, 7 to 4 agst Instantly, and 5 to 2 agst Brunswicker. Won in a canter by ten lengths.

MATCH: 100 each. Five furlongs.

Mr. Merry's b f Red Rose, by Blackthorne—Blanche of Lancaster, 4 yrs, 9st 3lb (Custance), walked over, and received forfeit.

Mr. T. Hughes's br h Kismet, 5 yrs, 9st 10lb (F. Archer), paid forfeit, not reaching the post in time to start.

HANDICAP PLATE of 50 sovs, for two-year-olds; winner to be sold for £50. Five furlongs.

Mr. Greenwood's ch f Maid of the Valley, by Scottish Chief—Lady Anne, 6st 10lb F. Jeffery 1 Mr. C. Bush's br f Endo, 6st 7lb Watts 2 Lord Duppilin's b c Lord George, 7st 4lb (car 7st 6lb) C. Archer 3 Also ran: May Blossom, 7st; M.P., 6st 9lb; Burgomaster, 7st 7lb (car 7st 10lb); Hallé, 7st 2lb. Betting: 11 to 10 on Lord George, 9 to 2 agst Burgomaster, 8 to 1 agst Endo, 10 to 1 agst Hallé, and 100 to 8 agst Maid of the Valley. Won by a head; three lengths between second and third. The winner was not sold, and Mr. Bush claimed Lord George.

WELTER HANDICAP of 10 sovs each, 3 ft. Five furlongs. 15 subs. Mr. E. Grain's b f Dolus, by Blair Athol—Topsy, 3 yrs, 7st Morgan 1 Mr. Wadlow's b f Celsia, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb F. Jeffery 2 Lord Lonsdale's b f Julia Peachum, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb (car 7st 8lb) C. Archer 3 Lord Duppilin's Somnolency, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb (car 7st 11lb) F. Archer 4 Betting: 7 to 4 agst Dolus, 2 to 1 agst Julia Peachum, and 5 to 2 each Celsia and Somnolency. Won by a head; a length between second and third.

SELLING NURSERY HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, 50 added, for two-year-olds; winner to be sold for £50. Straight run in. 16 subs.

Mr. R. Skinner's b f Calm, by Brahma—Truchit, est (car 6st 1lb) J. Jarvis 1 Mr. C. Bush's b c Julian, 6st 4lb W. Macdonald 2 Mr. Greenwood's b f Mary of Scotland, 6st 10lb F. Jeffery 3 Betting: 6 to 4 each agst Calm and Julian, and 4 to 1 agst Mary of Scotland. Won in a canter by three lengths; same between second and third. The winner was bought in for 63gs.

The BRADGATE CUP, value 100 sovs, added to a handicap of 10 sovs each for starters. One mile.

Mr. Sam Darling, jun.'s br g Acrobat, by Kinsman—Lulu, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb F. Jeffery 1 Lord Duppilin's b c Kaleidoscope, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb F. Archer 2 Mr. C. Bush's br c Burlington (late Beezie Weezie), 3 yrs, 6st 8lb Morgan 3 Betting: Even on Kaleidoscope, 2 to 1 agst Acrobat, and 4 to 1 agst Burlington. Won by half a length; a bad third.

SELLING STAKES of 5 sovs each, 30 added, for two-year-olds; colts, 8st 10lb; fillies, 8st 8lb. Straight run in. 6 subs.

Mr. W. G. Stevens's ch c Pibroch, by Blair Athol—Alberta, 8st 3lb (£100) C. Archer 1 Captain Machell's b c Burgomaster, 8st 3lb (£100) F. Archer 2 Betting: 2 to 1 on Pibroch. Won easily by a length. The winner was not sold.

The WINDING-UP WELTER HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, for starters, 100 added; winners extra. Three-quarters of a mile.

Mr. Gomm's b c Advance, by Speculum—Progress, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb C. Archer 1 Mr. Sam Darling's jun.'s br g Acrobat, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb (inc 7lb ex) Morgan 2 Mr. T. Hughes's br h Kismet, 5 yrs, 8st F. Archer 3 Lord Lonsdale's Hesper, 3 yrs, 9st 7lb Custance 0 Betting: 7 to 4 agst Advance, 9 to 4 agst Hesper, 5 to 1 agst Kismet, and 8 to 1 agst Acrobat. Won by a length; a head between second and third.

The LEAMINGTON GRAND ANNUAL HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE of 20 sovs each, 10 ft, 200 added; second saved stake. Four miles. 34 subs, 22 of whom paid 3 sovs each.

Mr. Gomm's b h Little Tom (Late Baby), by Orphelin—Ma Folie, aged, 1st 9lb Mr. E. P. Wilson 1 Mr. G. Moore's b g Gamebird, aged, 12st 7lb Owner 2 Mr. Thorold's br g Merlin, aged, 11st 7lb J. Jones 3 Mr. S. Davis's Despair, aged, 11st 12lb J. Holman 4 Mr. E. Sydney's Bellario, aged, 11st 11lb J. Billing 0 (Palm was struck out on the morning of the race.) Betting: 5 to 2 agst Gamebird, 3 to 1 agst Despair, 4 to 1 each agst Little Tom and Merlin, and 20 to 1 agst Bellario. Won in a canter by ten lengths; a bad third.

SELLING HURDLE RACE of 5 sovs each, 30 added; weight for age, penalties and selling allowances. One mile and a half, over six hurdles. 5 subs.

Mr. Cornwall's b g Helsthorpe, by King Tom—Maid Marian, 5 yrs, 12st 5lb Mr. W. H. Johnstone 1 Mr. T. Holmes's br f Fairy, 4 yrs, 11st (£30) Waddington 2 Mr. B. Hobson's b f Bonnybrook, 3 yrs, 10st (£30) North 3 Mr. J. Spraggett's Sacrifice, 3 yrs, 10st (£30) Gillet 0 Betting: 5 to 4 on Fairy, 3 to 1 agst Helsthorpe, and 5 to 1 agst Bonnyfield. Won in a canter by twelve lengths. The winner was bought in for 165 guineas.

HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 5 sovs each, 50 added. One mile and a half, over six flights of hurdles. 30 subs.

Mr. J. Winfield's b c Friar Tuck, by Hermit—Kromping Girl, 4 yrs, 12st 5lb J. Jones 1 Mr. G. Browne's b h Shallow, 6 yrs, 11st 8lb R. L'Anson 2 Captain Bates's ch m Pride of Kildare, 5 yrs, 11st 11lb Mr. G. Moore 3 Mr. J. B. Oerton's Keepsake, 4 yrs, 11st 5lb S. Daniels 0 Betting: 2 to 1 on Shallow, and 3 to 1 agst Friar Tuck. Won easily by three lengths; a length and a half divided second and third.

MANCHESTER NOVEMBER MEETING.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23.

The TRIAL STAKES of 5 sovs each, 100 added; winner to be sold for £100. Five furlongs, straight. 14 subs.

Mr. J. Core's b c Allerton, by Montagnard—Palmatine, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb (£100) F. Bruckshaw 1 Mr. W. Smith's br g Bras de Fer, 6 yrs, 8st 5lb (£100) G. Cooke 2 Mr. R. Howett's bl c Bardolph, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb (£100) Luke 3

Also ran: My Nannie O, 2 yrs, 6st 4lb (£100); Lord Dover, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb (£100); Athelney, aged, 8st 2lb (£100).

Betting: 2 to 1 agst Bras de Fer, 3 to 1 each agst Allerton and Bardolph, and 5 to 1 agst My Nannie O. Won easily by two lengths; a neck between second and third. The winner was sold to Mr. Booth for 225 guineas.

The LANCASTER NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE of 100 sovs, straight half-mile.

Mr. G. Crook's b c Forty Winks, by Orest—Lady Maud, 6st Howey 1 Mr. T. Ansley's b f Lily Hawthorn, 6st 10lb J. Macdonald 2 Mr. E. Williamson's b c Boxing Day, 6st 12lb Luke 3 Also ran: Lancaster, 7st 12lb; Elegante, 6st 10lb; Mrs. Prigg, 6st 6lb; Forest Queen, 6st 4lb; Fulshaw, 5st 13lb; Hawthorn's dam f, 5st 13lb.

Betting: 5 to 2 agst Forty Winks, 3 to 1 agst Lily Hawthorn, 4 to 1 agst Mrs. Prigg, 5 to 1 agst Fulshaw, and 10 to 1 agst Elegante. Won by a neck; four lengths between second and third.

The BUCKLEY STAKES of 5 sovs each, 50 added. Five furlongs, straight. 9 subs.

Mr. W. Sadler's b f Satisfaction, by Kemus—Sauturelle, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb (£100) Bruckshaw 1 Mr. T. Green's b f Polenta, 2 yrs, 6st 4lb (£100) F. Sharp 2 Mr. T. Holmes's b f Elf, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb (£100) Fagan 3 Also ran: Fulshaw, 5st 7lb; King, 2 yrs, 6st 7lb (£100); Twinkle, 2 yrs, 6st 4lb (£100); Lady Adams, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb (£100); Shakespeare, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb (£100); Hawthorn, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb (£100).

Betting: 2 to 1 agst Fulshaw, and 10 to 1 agst Elegante. Won by a neck; four lengths between second and third.

The BUCKLEY STAKES of 5 sovs each, 50 added. Five furlongs, straight. 9 subs.

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Betting: 2 to 1 agst Fulshaw, and 10 to 1 agst Elegante. Won by a neck; four lengths between second and third.

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Betting: 2 to 1 agst Fulshaw, and 10 to 1 agst Elegante. Won by a neck; four lengths between second and third.

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Betting: 2 to 1 agst Fulshaw, and 10 to 1 agst Elegante. Won by a neck; four lengths between second and third.

The BUCKLEY STAKES of 5 sovs each, 50 added. Five furlongs, straight. 9 subs.

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Betting: 2 to 1 agst Fulshaw, and 10 to 1 agst Elegante. Won by a neck; four lengths between second and third.

The BUCKLEY STAKES of 5 sovs each, 50 added. Five furlongs, straight. 9 subs.

Mr. W. Sadler's b f Satisfaction, by Kemus—Sauturelle, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb (£100) Bruckshaw 1 Mr. T. Green's b f Polenta, 2 yrs, 6st 4lb (£100) F. Sharp 2 Mr. T. Holmes's b f Elf, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb (£100) Fagan 3 Also ran: Fulshaw, 5st 7lb; King, 2 yrs, 6st 7lb (£100); Twinkle, 2 yrs, 6st 4lb (£100); Lady Adams, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb (£100); Shakespeare, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb (£100); Hawthorn, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb (£100).

Betting: 2 to 1 agst Fulshaw, and 10 to 1 agst Elegante. Won by a neck; four lengths between second and third.

The BUCKLEY STAKES of 5 sovs each, 50 added. Five furlongs, straight. 9 subs.

Mr. W. Sadler's b f Satisfaction, by Kemus—Sauturelle, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb (£100) Bruckshaw 1 Mr. T. Green's b f Polenta, 2 yrs, 6st 4lb (£100) F. Sharp 2 Mr. T. Holmes's b f Elf, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb (£100) Fagan 3 Also ran: Fulshaw, 5st 7lb; King, 2 yrs, 6st 7lb (£100); Twinkle, 2 yrs, 6st 4lb (£100); Lady Adams, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb (£100); Shakespeare, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb (£100); Hawthorn, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb (£100).

Betting: 2 to 1 agst Fulshaw, and 10 to 1 agst Elegante. Won by a neck; four lengths between second and third.

The BUCKLEY STAKES of 5 sovs each, 50 added. Five furlongs, straight. 9 subs.

Mr. W. Sadler's b f Satisfaction, by Kemus—Sauturelle, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb (£100) Bruckshaw 1 Mr. T. Green's b f Polenta, 2 yrs, 6st 4lb (£100) F. Sharp 2 Mr. T. Holmes's b f Elf, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb (£100) Fagan 3 Also ran: Fulshaw, 5st 7lb; King, 2 yrs, 6st 7lb (£100); Twinkle, 2 yrs, 6st 4lb (£100); Lady Adams, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb (£100); Shakespeare, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb (£100); Hawthorn, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb (£100).

Betting: 2 to 1 agst Fulshaw, and 10 to 1 agst Elegante. Won by a neck; four lengths between second and third.

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Betting: 2 to 1 agst Fulshaw, and 10 to 1 agst Elegante. Won by a neck; four lengths between second and third.

The BUCKLEY STAKES of 5 sovs each, 50 added. Five furlongs, straight. 9 subs.

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Betting: 2 to 1 agst Fulshaw, and 10 to 1 agst Elegante. Won by a neck; four lengths between second and third.

The BUCKLEY STAKES of 5 sovs each, 50 added. Five furlongs, straight. 9 subs.

Mr. W. Sadler's b f Satisfaction, by Kemus—Sauturelle, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb (£100) Bruckshaw 1 Mr. T. Green's b f Polenta, 2 yrs, 6st 4lb (£100) F. Sharp 2 Mr. T. Holmes's b f Elf, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb (£100) Fagan 3 Also ran: Fulshaw, 5st 7lb; King, 2 yrs, 6st 7lb (£100); Twinkle, 2 yrs, 6st 4lb (£100); Lady Adams, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb (£100); Shakespeare, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb (£100); Hawthorn, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb (£100).

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FREDERICK LEMAITRE.

BY GEORGE BURKE.*
(1800—1876.)

THE most powerful actor of the French stage, the late Frederick Lemaitre, was the melancholy, the thrill, the terror of the modern drama; no one so excited or soothed the soul at pleasure. At his will there was a calm or a tempest in the feelings of his audience. The gamut of his power was immense; it extended from the sigh or the murmur to the war or the thunder. Everything that could be expressed he expressed; his features and his gestures were as eloquent as his tongue, and even in repose he could at will be terrible. He wore with the same grace the satin and the velvet of the noble, the uniform of the soldier, the livery of the lackey, and the rags of the mendicant. To-day Borgia, Ravenswood, or d'Arlington; to-morrow Robert Macaire, Vautrin, or Paillasse, he ascended, or descended, the scale of the passions and conditions with an ease that was marvellous to behold. In his delineations, so diverse and yet so truthful, he reminded the thoughtful auditor of Shakespeare, whom he resembled in his flights from the sternest realism to the most exalted poesy. Had he been born on the banks of the Thames, what an interpreter the immortal English dramatist would have had! What a Falstaff! What a Richard! But Frederick Lemaitre‡ was born at Havre, in July, 1800.

His maternal grandfather was a musician, his father an archi-

tect. Little is known of his early years or of the education he received. His youth could not, however, have been other than tempestuous, for the spirit of discipline and submission was ever among the qualities of which he was most deficient. At a very early age he seems to have had a taste for the stage. His family made this predilection a source of amusement. They were wont to dress him up as a tragedian and listen to him declaim *la Veuve du Malabar*, a singular piece to choose, when they could have put into his hands the works of Molière and Racine. But, perhaps, he was instinctively attracted towards a drama more passionate in its character than that of the great masters.

Lemaitre went to Paris in 1820. He immediately presented himself for admission to the Conservatory. The jury, that year, had for its president an actor of genuine merit, Michelot. At the twentieth line recited by the young aspirant, the examiner stopped him and predicted for him a brilliant career. Frederick entered the class of the tragedian Lafont. He was probably a rebellious pupil, little inclined to respect the behests of tradition. But, however that may be, it was at the Conservatory that he learned elocution—an art of which he was a master.

We have but few facts concerning Frederick's pupilage at the Conservatory; the most that we know is that he left it as one of its laureates, and that in consequence of his success he presented himself for admission to the Odéon.*

He was unanimously rejected, save by one voice—that voice was Talma's. The lion seems to have recognised his whelp. The young man possessed every gift that generous nature can bestow;

a handsome head proudly posed on a splendid body, superb eyes, a thoughtful brow, firm, well-shaped lips, a magnificent voice, and a wealth of gesture, which, however, we confess, was singularly calculated to grieve the old classic taste of France.

Being pressed for means, Frederick sought an engagement in one of the theatres of the lower order. He finally found one in *Les Varietes Amusantes*, where he appeared as the lion in *Pyrame and Thisbe*. It was, therefore, on all fours that the celebrated tragedian made his *début*. He began where many others leave off. He was not long in getting tired of wearing the lion's skin, and went over to the *Funambules*, where he created *le soldat laboureur*; then to the *Cirque Franconi*, where as half clown, half equerry, he displayed his strength and agility; but being hissed one evening in *The Death of Kleber*, he migrated to the *Odéon*, where he engaged to play "utility business." Soon tiring of this inferior position, he accepted an engagement that was offered him at the *Ambigue*, where he appeared July, 2, 1823, in *l'Auberge des Andrets*.

This piece has a remarkable history. The first evening, it having been played as a serious drama, which it was, the curtain fell in a storm of hisses. After the failure, tradition says, that the author, the actors, and the manager repaired to a neighbouring coffee-house to bewail in concert their wasted energies; it was a lugubrious scene—a Waterloo, a Sedan—the failure was so emphatic that there seemed to be no room for hope. Thus matters stood, when suddenly Lemaitre burst into one of those hearty laughs for which he was famous, and asserted that the



THE LATE FREDK. LEMAITRE AS ROBERT MACAIRE.

failure of the piece was due solely to the manner in which it had been played, that further, if they would give him *carte blanche*, he would make it run a hundred nights. According to him *l'Auberge des Andrets* was not a melodrama but a comedy after the fashion of Aristophanes, and while he drank his punch he analyzed the unfortunate piece and proved that its author unwittingly instead of a goose had hatched an eagle. This done he went over some of the scenes, showing his auditors how he would have them played. When he had done, there was a general shout of victory, and the manager decided to make the trial. The next evening, after a careful rehearsal, the curtain fell amid thunders of applause. At first, after this miraculous triumph, Lemaitre was looked upon by many as being but a fortunate mountebank, by the connoisseurs,* however, he was recognised as being a great artist.

There was one opinion, however, that was general. Everybody believed that all Frederick did was spontaneous. One day a friend complimented him upon possessing a talent that enabled him to trust to the inspiration of the moment. He shrugged his shoulders, and losing patience, cried: "Ah, is it possible that you too believe that I trust to inspiration? Listen to fact: I think and study, in my daily walks, at the table, everywhere. I think

out my character and study out my effects, with the greatest care. True, I don't always see clearly until I get before the footlights, but I try to, nevertheless. Is that what you call improvising?"

A dozen years, perhaps, after the production of *l'Auberge des Andrets* a very distinguished artist of the Comédie Française, in a conversation about his art, said to me, when I remarked that the first actors of the world were at the Français:

"You are in error, sir; the first actor is not with us."

"No! Who is he?"

"Frederick Lemaitre. Have you seen him in *Rochester*, in *la Fiancée de Lammermoor*?"

"And why is he not with you?"

"Why! The Comédie Française would not hold him. This surprises you, I see. I will explain."

In his explanation, which was too long to repeat, he showed me that the superiority of the Comédie Française Company was largely due to an effort on the part of its individual members to become a part of a complete whole. He added: "The exuberant nature of Frederick would not be comfortable in such a company. He will come to us sooner or later, but you may be sure he will not remain long."

Having become popular, thanks to the success of *l'Auberge*, Frederick went from the *Ambigue* to the *Porte-Saint-Martin*, where he achieved another signal triumph. He played the prin-

cipal character in *Trente ans, ou la Vie d'une Joueur*, a well-constructed melodrama, but written as Ducange always wrote. In fact the piece is mediocre, without a shadow of literary merit; but thanks to Lemaitre it proved marvellously effective in the representation. One followed with a certain anguish of soul this man, so elegant at the rising of the curtain, as he descended step by step, physically and morally, until he became a vulgar assassin. There is nothing new in the play, either in thought or effect, but with what consummate skill Lemaitre made up and played his part, especially when he was seconded by Marie Dorval!

Up to this time, he had achieved his successes by personating characters that belong to the lowest and worst classes, which gained for him the soubriquet of the Talma of the Boulevards; but in the characters of Mephistopheles, Edgar, and Rochester, he displayed all the elegance of a Montmorency or a De Vere. One might have believed that this man, who in his rags was yesterday a picture of the most abject misery, had been cradled on the knees of princesses and queens.

Unfortunately, if Lemaitre grew in reputation, he did not grow in wisdom. His relations with his managers, and sometimes even with his comrades, were not always agreeable. One was never sure that the curtain would rise at the hour fixed or that it would fall without there being a scene that did not belong to the play. One or two specimens of his pranks may not be out of place.

(To be concluded in our next.)

* From the *New York Figaro*.

† His real name was not Frederick. He was christened Antoine Louis Prospas. Frederick was therefore only his nom de théâtre.

‡ The French now-a-days spell this word *ai* and not *oi* as formerly.—Tr.

* The Odéon is one of the two theatres in Paris that are supported, in part, by the Government.

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

The plot of *Hunted Down*, an old drama by Boucicault, which Mr. Edgar Bruce has deemed it expedient to revive at the Globe Theatre, resembles the plot of the play which I noticed last week, in that the mainspring of both is the same. It is the situation of a woman who has married a second husband believing her first to be



dead, this disreputable individual, however, turning up suddenly to rudely disturb her domestic happiness. Beyond this fundamental incident the resemblance between the two dramas does not extend. The technical treatment is essentially different. No matter how vulgar or commonplace his subject, Boucicault never fails to impress you with the soundness of his workmanship. His



premises may be wholly untenable, his story improbable to the verge of impossibility, his facts very much stranger than fiction, yet his method is invariably logical. It is in this that the quality of the thorough dramatist most displays itself. It is true that from a higher standpoint we demand higher qualities—such as insight into human nature, philosophical analysis of character,

poetic expression of passion, and all the glorious attributes which the ideal dramatist must possess who in these degenerate days shall hope to rival Shakespeare. But I am not surveying from a high standpoint. I never do if I can help it. 'Tis such a waste of time attempting to emulate the Hebrew prophets in a damp climate like this, where the ravens themselves are much too hoarse with croaking over their own grievances to pay any attention to a destitute servant of the Lord. I am quite content to regard the drama solely from a practical point of view, and as Dion Boucicault is by no means the "ideal dramatist," my readers are not likely to be misled into the notion that I am endeavouring to place him on a pedestal when I say that I consider him the only *thorough* English dramatist living. He is the only one who never allows any pet theory for personal hobby to colour his work unduly. His entire aim is to attract and interest the public, and to succeed in accomplishing this I have no doubt he would, were it necessary, ignore all precedent of art, manner, or morality, firm in the belief that an author who secures the favour of the large majority can smile with serene indifference at the sneers of the critical few.

Hunted Down was originally produced before the period of "long runs," and obtained, in spite of its *London Journal* flavour, a very fair measure of popularity in the then-fashionable St. James's Theatre. This drama was the growth of what I may call the "Lady Audley's Secret" period—that period when the women of fashion suddenly discovered a voracious appetite for a highly-seasoned species of literature, which hitherto had only been devoured by the ladies of the kitchen. In the hands of a less skilful playwright, the story of *Hunted Down*, with its palpable improbabilities must inevitably have remained upon the Marylebone and Victoria level. So artfully, however, has the author contrived to concentrate the interest of the audience upon the action of the piece, that there is no time to dwell upon its improbabilities. In the development of the plot, incident is made to follow incident with a closeness and apparent consistency that make one for the moment fancy that the play is a really superior article. At all events, in the result, Mr. Edgar Bruce cannot be accused of bad judgment on the score of having revived *Hunted Down*—because the audience, the most of whom evidently witnessed the play for

nurtured by the sunshine of temporary opulence, lend lustre to the history of a nation or elegance to the end of a moustache.

As John Leigh, R.A., Mr. J. D. Beveridge acted with much subdued force and artistic feeling, which told with excellent effect upon the audience. Why on the stage are Royal Academicians always represented with great bushy beards? I think it would be found on examination that the greater number of R.A.'s are in the habit of showing their chins. Indeed, some of the most distinguished among them are not gifted by nature with the faculties of growing beards. This is a digression, however.

Miss Ges Smythe who plays the part of Lady Something or other, plays it very well indeed. Miss Louise Howard who plays Fanny, is goodly to look upon, buxom and pleasant-voiced, with a pretty provincial accent, and a nice comfortable manner that makes one wish she had more to do. The two children perform



Strange phenomenon at the Globe
Trees throwing their shadows at
the moon!
Dear Bruce Smith,
seriously see about that
line light in the top gallery
—MPS or C.C.

the first time, were thoroughly interested from the moment the nature of the plot dawned upon them until the end, when matters are cleared up.

The success of *Hunted Down* is largely due to the general excellence of the acting. Miss Louise Willes is especially deserving of high praise for her performance of Mary Leigh, the sensitive and innocent wife who, for no crime of her own, is hunted down like a criminal by the miscreant to whom she had first the misfortune to be married. Miss Willis plays the part with a sustained force of pathos that marks her out as an actress capable of achieving high distinction in her profession. In her scenes with her children, when she contemplates the necessity of parting from them for ever, scenes so often rendered maudlin and insipid upon the stage, Miss Willes is easy, natural, and unforced. In truth her excellent acting throughout is the mainstay of the whole performance.

The part of Rawdon Scudamore, which Mr. Edgar Bruce now undertakes, was originally played at the St. James's Theatre by the now famous Henry Irving. Mr. Bruce resembles Mr. Irving in one respect at least; like Cassius, he "hath a lean and hungry look," otherwise Mr. Bruce gives his own conception of the character of the reckless, disreputable gambler in his own way. Mr. Bruce's Rawdon Scudamore is, perhaps, a little too cynical and indifferent; a little more vigour and earnestness infused might help to relieve the character somewhat of its aspect of commonplace melodramatic villainy. In one respect Mr. Bruce has always distinguished himself. He dresses with taste. Compare the elegant morning jacket, subdued in colour, but luxurious in pattern, which Rawdon Scudamore wears in the second act of *Hunted Down*, with the similar but gaudy garment worn by Mr. Chauncery Pattleton in *Hot Water*, and you will perceive that, however highly gifted the happier denizen of the golden West may be, yet the humble chevalier de l'industrie in his furnished apartment is not devoid of those finer instincts which, when



their parts very satisfactorily. The low comedy of the piece is entrusted with the character of Mrs. Bolton Jones to Mrs. Charles Pitt, a vigorous lady with the voice and presence of a regiment of dragoons. In *Hunted Down*, she is, so to speak, the ray of sunlight in a gloomy and sombre picture. And how the gallery would miss her the gods only know.

Hunted Down is followed by a musical piece called *A Will with a Vengeance*. As I only saw a portion of it I will not venture on a detailed criticism. It is a version of *A Thumping Legacy*, a farce that is quite stupid enough to be left alone in its obscurity. Mr. Bruce gives a lively sketch of a cockney among brigands. Here again his dressing deserves commendation. And of his singing may be said one word of special praise—you can hear



every word he says. Mr. Douglas Cox also sings with effect. The piece did not strike me as being remarkably lively, nevertheless. Perhaps the latter part which I did not see is more exhilarating. Miss Rose Cullen does not seem to have been improving her histrionic talents in retirement. The more's the pity, for she's very pretty. Which is rhyme—go to—

A few days back I attended at the South Hall of the Criterion, on the occasion of some readings given by Mr. William Maxwell, a young gentleman of much talent and promise. The selections delivered by Mr. Maxwell were from Dickens and Sheridan. A scene, from the *School for Scandal*, between Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, was especially remarkable for spirit and finish. From what I saw of the reader, I should judge him a comedian more fitted for the regular stage than for the platform.

SALE OF GREYHOUNDS, &c., AT ALDRIDGE'S.

The wretched weather on Saturday did not prevent a large and influential company putting in an appearance at this well-known repository, the principal attraction being the sale of Mr. T. T. C. Lister's kennel of greyhounds, but as Mr. Lister still retains possession of his old favourite bitch, Chameleon, to breed from, it is hoped that the Lancashire coursier does not intend to entirely retire from the sport with which he has been so successfully associated for so many years. Amongst the company assembled round the rostrum we noticed Messrs. R. C. Vyner, R. Clemiston, J. H. Salter, W. Looker, H. Smith, W. Ginger, Mockett, Willis, Dusgate, Agate, Walton, &c., while Lord Lurgan and Mr. Jardine had each representatives to make purchases, the first-named buying Coomassie for 51 guineas, while Countess M. (as fat as a bullock) became the property of the popular Scotch coursier for 40 guineas. The two principal buyers at the sale, however, were Mr. Vyner and Mr. Dean, the latter of whom, we may mention (although not in the name of "D."), is one of our most persistent Eastern Counties coursers, and deserves much better luck than has hitherto fallen to his share; but as he has

now bought a brace of the right sort in Chimpanzee and Chili to breed from, as well as a couple of the good-looking saplings by Brigade-Major out of Chameleon, let us hope there are better things in store for him; and although he bought a bitch with which "Amesbury" was dearly in love, he has all that gentleman's good wishes. Croesus, we may mention, although knocked down to Mr. Walton for £262 10s., and paid for with a cheque from that gentleman, it was generally known was not sold, and that Boynton (Mr. Lister's old and faithful trainer) took him back with him to Leeds, where, I believe, he will in future be at the service of the British public. There is one thing, however, that we cannot pass over in connection with this successful sale, and that is the fact that the outside public were led to suppose that Croesus was really for sale, and that there was no reserve put upon him. If I remember rightly, the last words which fell from that excellent seller, Mr. Rich, were, "Gentlemen, the dog is to be sold," and as several have had a touch of the "nod and wink" ever since, we think it would be as well to state the reserve price when the dog or bitch is placed upon the baize-covered table, instead of taking up a lot of valuable time for no purpose. The catalogue contained between

fifty and sixty other lots, but, with one or two exceptions, the prices ruled so ridiculously low that they require no further comment than that of the price-list, whilst so disgusted was Mr. W. Morgan, of Cardiff, at the sum that his well-bred Countryman and Monna Vanna litter looked like going for that he bought the majority of them in, and took them back to Wales with him. The six saplings of Mr. Lister's made rare prices, their average being 42 guineas.

THE Southdown foxhounds met, on Friday week, at Toddington, and, considering the unfavourable weather, there was a fair attendance. It was the worst day's sport, we consider, these hounds have had this season, [and the lowlands being heavy going, it was not devoid of casualties. The horse of a gentleman who resides in St. James's-street, Brighton, put his foot into a rabbit-hole after taking a fence near Horton Roughs, and broke his neck; the rider fortunately escaped unhurt. A hound also was severely kicked by a horse, and although stunned for a minute or two he got up and marched away with the pack as if nothing had happened to him.

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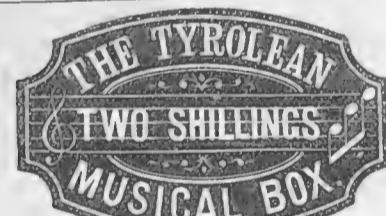
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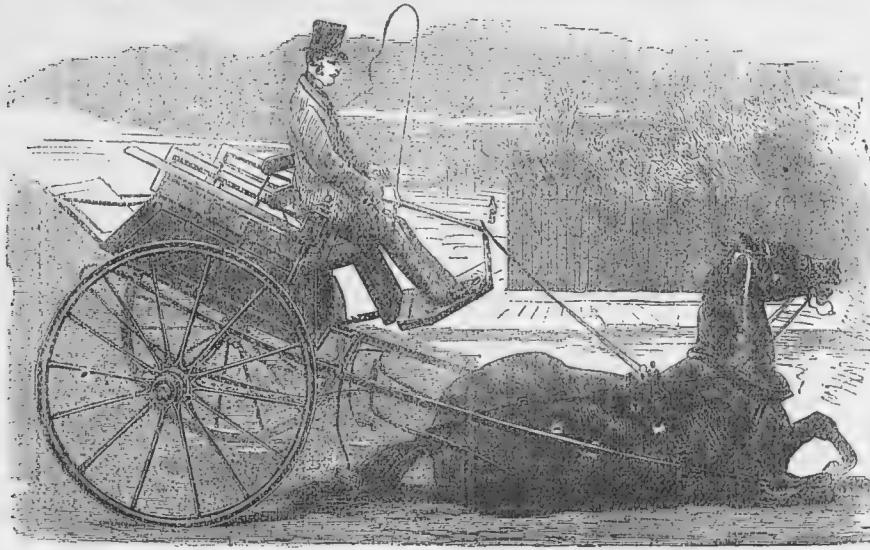
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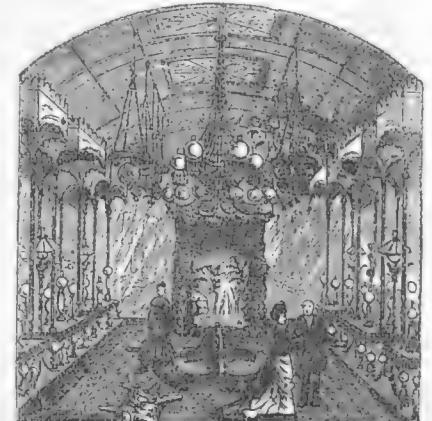
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her dam Honey, by Melbourne or Cossack out
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3. MUTA (sister to Merry Duchess), chestnut filly, 2
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Gemma di Vergi.

4. LIZZIE DISTIN, bay filly, 3 years old, by Distin
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5. ALEXANDRA, bay mare (foaled 1871), by Cam-
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The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * * We have hitherto answered the larger number of letters containing queries, by post, but these are now becoming so numerous that for the future we shall reply only through the medium of this column.

ERRATUM.—In a brief notice of an admirable book on "Gold," with additions by Mr. Streeter, which appeared in our last week's number, the name was misprinted Shuter.

SPORTING.

SAM CURLING.—Ned Gosling was in the service of Mr. Nuner, at Warrington, master of the Hambledon Hounds, as groom and second horseman in 1829.

J. B.—A portrait and memoir of "The Squire" appears in one of the old volumes of "Bailey's Magazine," but we forget which. Tom Seabright went direct from him to Earl Fitzwilliam, with whom he remained many years. There is also a biographical notice of Mr. Osbaldeston in the first volume of Lillywhite's Cricket Scores, p. 342. The Squire was succeeded by Mr. John Walker, of Purbrook Park, who hunted the hounds himself. Mr. Walker was the owner of Shoestrings and Gem and won several races with them; in partnership with his brother Richard he horsed the Bognor coach. To your last question we are unable to reply.

OLD CUNGER.—Captain Bridges was a son of General Bridges, and it is perfectly true that he once rode down the Devil's Dyke, at Brighton, with a half-a-crown between his knee and the saddle on either side. He was great in the hunting field, and many stories of his daring horsemanship are still popular in Hampshire.

SMUGGLER.—In reply to several correspondents who have asked for more particulars regarding this famous American trotting horse, we recently gave a portrait of, we reprint from the *New York Sportsman*, the following account. "He is descended from English Mambrino, but he is seven removes from him, and in none of them was there a trotter. It is the old story—Messenger, Miller's Damsel, American Eclipse—with a great number of crosses of King Herod, Eclipse, Snap, Diomed, etc., against the one of Mambrino. American Eclipse got Cadmus out of Di Vernon, a mare by Ball's Florizel out of a daughter of Oscar. Ball's Florizel was by Diomed out of a mare by imported Shark. This thoroughbred Cadmus got Iron's Cadmus out of a mare by Brunswick, the latter a son of Sumpter, by Sir Archy, and of Mary Bedford, by Duke of Bedford. The Brunswick mare was out of a mare by Whip, and there the clear pedigree of Iron's Cadmus ends. It is all first-rate running blood, and not a bit of trot in it. Iron's Cadmus got a horse called Blanco out of a mare by Tuckahoe, and this mare is said to have been a pacer. Blanco got Smuggler. The dam of Smuggler was a pacer, and he was at first a pacer. Now, in regard to pacers, we have lately had the law laid down by two authorities. One says they are always well-bred. The other affirms that they never are. The truth lies between these extremes. Many pacers are well bred, and they were especially in the regions along both banks of the Ohio River. In northern Kentucky, and in Butler, Hamilton, Clermont, Brown, and Highland Counties, Ohio, there used to be a considerable number of fast pacers, nearly all well-bred. If anybody doubts this let him ask General Grant. One thing seems to us to be absolutely certain, and that is that the remote descent of Smuggler from

the English thoroughbred racehorse Mambrino has nothing whatever to do with his trotting. It is said, 'Smuggler inherits a considerable share of running blood, but it is all modified in pacing crosses before it reaches him.' We take the liberty of adding that he inherits a very inconsiderable share of Mambrino blood, and that little is modified by a great many running as well as pacing crosses before it reaches him."

DRAMATIC.

H. OAKE.—The edition of Shakespeare published by Lemmerre, was not translated by Victor Hugo, but by his eldest son, François Victor Hugo.

J. WELLS.—Philip Massinger, as we have said, died on March 17th, 1640, and the word "stranger" entered after his name in the parish register of burials merely indicates, in the then usual way, that he did not belong to the parish in which his body was interred and not, as is commonly asserted, that he was utterly friendless and unknown.

G. KNIGHT.—The manager of the Adelphi Theatre, Glasgow, in 1843, was Mr. David Prince Miller.

F. A. C.—The absurd paragraph appeared in a pious almanack known as Spurgeon's. The young man who was frightened at the theatre by hearing the place he was in called the pit, must indeed have been a feeble-minded animal.

HARZ.—Dr. John Dennis was a celebrated dramatist and critic, who won fame in the last century. He was born in 1657, and died in 1733. He waged a savage war against such notable opponents as Pope, Addison and Steele, and having in 1704 produced a tragedy, called *Liberty Asserted*, in which he attacked the French nation, was ever after under the impression that the King of France would never make peace with this country until he was delivered up to be put to death. Many curious stories relative to this morbid fancy are told in his life.

Mr. W. H. Widdicombe made his first appearance at Margate, and his first London engagement was with Mr. Ducrow, at Astley's Amphitheatre. His first great hit was made at the Haymarket Theatre, under the management of Mr. Benjamin Webster.

A SUNSCRIBER.—Peg or Margaret Woffington was a very famous Irish actress who appeared for the first time in London at Covent Garden Theatre, in 1738, in the character of "Sir Harry Wildair." She built and endowed a number of almshouses at Teddington, and was the only woman admitted as a member of the Dublin Beef Steak Club, of which she was President.

MUSICAL.

M. M.—Madame Anna Bishop was born in London in 1815. In 1838 she appeared as *prima donna* at the Ancient and Philharmonic Concerts. Her first appearance in Italian Opera was at the Royal Opera House in the Haymarket.

F. B.—With pleasure. We fear your first letter must have miscarried, for we have no remembrance of it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

R. G., Limerick.—Thanks; not at present.

C. S. B.—William Blair was an old Chelsea Pensioner, originally a tailor in Drury-lane, then famous for his handsome face and figure, and afterwards for his daring adventures as a trooper when fighting, with the young Queen of Hungary, against France and Prussia. There is a touching story of his love for his horse, Pocket, whom he lost on the disbanding of his regiment and while he was ill in one of the London hospitals. For years the poor fellow hunted in every direction for this beloved companion of his dangers and hardships, until one day when passing St. Clement's Church, in the Strand, with a wild cry of delight he saw Pocket in a hackney coach. Horse and man recognised each other at once, and the meeting was sufficiently noisy, curious, and attractive to collect a laughing wondering crowd, who at first thought him mad. The poor old pensioner told his story with tears in his eyes, and won general sympathy. Rushing away he brought bread and a foaming pot of porter, saying, "You must let poor Pocket and I eat and drink together once more," to which, deeply affected, the worthy coachman could only reply, "God forbid that anyone should hinder you, my friend!" It is said that poor old Will used to pass all his holidays with Pocket in that coachman's yard in Gray's Inn-lane, and that he—the coachman—never drove to Chelsea without calling there on his way back to enjoy a feast of bread and cheese and a draught of porter with Will Blair and his horse Pocket.

A PRINTER'S DEVIL.—This allusion is probably made with reference to a custom in ancient Greece, where at a certain festival the women were allowed to seize all men over a given age, who were bachelors, and beat them as they ran round the altar of one of their gods or goddesses. You need not apologise, as we are always glad to receive questions, the replies to which are likely to be either curious or interesting to our readers generally.

E. J. W.—We know Bayswater; but of the "Universal Provider," who ever he or she may be, we know nothing. Nor have we heard of the burlesque procession instituted in his, or her honour.

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1876.

RACING men have long been looked upon as the legitimate prey of those who minister to their convenience or pleasure in providing means of transit or of subsistence during their necessary absence from home at the various meetings of the season. The greed and rapacity of lodging-house and hotel keepers at such places as Chester and Doncaster have long become bywords among the sporting fraternity, and it is well known that the advent of the race week is the signal for an abnormal rise in local charges. Beds and provisions are at war or famine prices, and cabs become expensive luxuries indeed; while all the smaller necessities of life undergo a proportionate rise during the harvest of the year in provincial towns. In most cases, the exceptions to this system of extortion have been found in railway managers, who, while willing to swell their traffic returns and to accommodate their customers, in most cases do not find it necessary to charge excess fares, even when "specials" have to be provided, and when the ordinary traffic is affected by the rush to such places as York, Doncaster, or Liverpool. There is a wholesome system of competition on railways running to the same places which keeps things at a proper level, and directors have found it the best policy to study the comforts and convenience of a class of passengers who do not grumble at fair payments, and who benefit to no small extent during the racing season that gridiron of iron ways with which the face of England is marked. As a general rule, when prices are raised, some sort of extra benefit is ensured for passengers, such as increased rapidity in locomotion or additional comfort in travelling, and, altogether, it may be assumed that the rail deserves well of that constantly moving body whose business leads them to the various halting-places on the racing circuit from March to November. In fact, for the same consideration as is paid by the ordinary traveller, such persons may be said to obtain an extra amount of convenience and despatch at the hands of railway officials in general. There are, of course, exceptions to the rule, and in some cases "black mail" is levied with the same effrontery as that which characterises the most extortionate localities known to the regular frequenters of racing. The unfortunate slaves of business or pleasure on certain lines are treated as though their pockets and bags were charged with highly dangerous and explosive substances, such as gun-cotton or dynamite, instead of containing merely the stock of bullion and "flimsies" necessary for the operations of the day. This ceases only when a monopoly of conveyance exists, and though no one can blame companies for taking all care of the bird whose golden eggs swell dividends, it must be matter of congratulation to travellers to find the monopoly broken, and a more reasonable scale of prices "looming in the distance." Ascot week has long been regarded by South-Western shareholders as a sort of jubilee, and in the proud assurance of being absolutely without a rival in the direct conveyance

of passengers to the Royal Meeting, officials have been tempted to adopt a scale of charges which the public have over and over again denounced as monstrously unfair, especially taking into consideration that to which we shall subsequently refer, the excessively meagre accommodation ensured by such liberal payments. The journey to Ascot on a Cup day, with its accompaniments of heat, dust, and bustle has been not inaptly compared to the forcing of the Khyber pass, and while the accommodation at Waterloo is ridiculously inadequate, the horrors of the journey down culminate in the stern condition of "no particular class of carriage guaranteed," so that a strong escort for ladies is essential, and the transit is as expensive and inconvenient as can well be imagined. As we said before, directors cannot be blamed for taking advantage of this combination of circumstances to ensure for themselves a monster annual benefit, and the public must persevere sit and suffer, without any possible means of bettering their condition, except by means of external aid. This, however, is likely to be speedily forthcoming, should success attend the proposal now before us of extending the Windsor line in a south-westerly direction, and thus affording a new and picturesque access to the course at Ascot. We believe that a former attempt was "scotched," but there is every reason to hope that the promoters of so sound a scheme may be permitted to test the new project very shortly, should Parliament and owners of land prove propitious. The new line will open up quite a fresh tract of country, and independently of its utility on the occasion of the grand week at Ascot, is likely to prove a valuable source of income to the Great Western Railway Company, inasmuch as the inhabitants of the outlying districts pierced by the Ascot branch line will then have readier means of communication with the metropolis than at present exist on the opposition "track." Nor will travellers to Ascot by way of Windsor have to complain of the necessity for a longer journey, for the distance is no greater than by the other route, and there are likely to be fewer stoppages on the way than at present. Should this most desirable project be brought to a successful issue, a very considerable reduction in prices would have to be submitted to by those to whom we have previously been indebted for exorbitant fares, and the chance of third-class accommodation; and there is reason to believe that the service would be both accelerated and improved. The sooner there is a chance of obtaining these happy results the better, for allowing that easy access to Ascot is not a thing of paramount national importance, yet Englishmen have a natural dislike to monopolies which enable them to be victimised and "put upon" in a manner by no means in accordance with their ideas of freedom of action. Besides, it seems to be universally agreed that the traffic has quite outgrown the powers of accommodation on the old route, and that many keep away, from their dislike to encounter the confusion and uproar which characterises more especially the return journey.

While on the subject of railways, it may not be unprofitable to suggest the extension of a practice which now prevails to a small extent with companies, of supplementing the race funds with an annual grant in return for favours received by increased traffic returns. This would be money well spent, inasmuch as important races of course attract larger assemblies, to the great advantage of shareholders. The sums of money at present voted for such purposes are insignificant in the extreme, and can hold out attraction to nothing of higher class than mere platters, which are otherwise readily provided for. The extra annual amount of prizes having their origin in railway companies in England, is a mere drop in the ocean as compared with the amount added to the Grand Prix de Paris by four companies alone, which contribute one thousand guineas each to the great race of the season, and that without any such expectations of a return owing to increased traffic as might reasonably be indulged in by managers on this side of the Channel. The Frenchman, even in his present state of comparatively modern enthusiasm for the Turf, cannot be considered in the light of a "race-going animal," like the majority of our well-to-do classes, but yet there is enough public spirit abroad to give handsome subsidies for the encouragement of sport. Every year on our own system of railways we see a vast increase in the numbers of those who "go racing," and new centres of sport are continually cropping up in all directions, which must be fed by railways, and by railways alone. Added money, and that too on a magnificent scale, is continually needed to secure the success of a meeting, and our railways might reasonably unite in presenting annually a handsome sum to be applied to the above object. We venture to throw this out as a suggestion, trusting that the idea may be taken up sooner or later by those capable of carrying it out, and looking forward to the recognition, at no distant date, by the railways, of a scheme involving such an important reciprocity of benefits.

WHY have the Glasgow people imitated the dog-poisoner who was much spoken against last summer? It is said that, in compliance with an order of the local authorities, 1,295 dogs were "taken charge of" by the police, and of these 1,155 were killed. It would be interesting to know more about this so-called "crusade," though why it is called "crusade" the employers of the term may explain. Was it then a sacred fury that drove the police into this massacre? Had the Glasgow clergy declared that the existence of dogs was an offence to Christendom? Or did some belated "Baillie" (Southrons are entreated to pronounce "Biley") think of stamping out hydrophobia? If that were his purpose, why did he let the dog days pass without putting it into execution? Had all the 1,155 martyrs (the 11,000 maidens of Cologne are the sole instance of a more sweeping persecution), had all the massacred tykes the symptoms of madness? Could not the municipality afford to keep them till they were claimed? What was the manner of their death—were they noyades in the Clyde, or was hanging favoured, or did each policeman destroy his victims as taste suggested, and chance afforded arms? If the crusade was desirable, why has it been stopped? Or perhaps there are no more dogs left to afford, as a contemporary hints, an example of good sense to an unappreciative Glasgow Town Council. The business seems to demand inquiry, though of course it is impossible, in our state of knowledge of the subject, to be sure that the Baillies have not acted with all the "cautious prudence of Baillie Nicol Jarvie.—Daily News.

COACHING AND DRIVING REMINISCENCES.

By LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

A MOST dreadful storm of wind and rain occurred on the last day of October, 1808, at Moffat; the rivers in the neighbourhood came down in such torrents as were never seen before by the oldest inhabitants. Amongst the damage occasioned by it was a distressing accident which happened to the mail coach from Glasgow to Carlisle, when passing the bridge over the river Doon, about nine miles from Moffat, at a place called Howleleigh, betwixt nine and ten o'clock at night. The coach had just got about half over when the bridge gave way in the middle of the arch, and the coach, passengers, and horses were instantly precipitated into the river, down a fall of 35 or 40ft. There were four inside and two outside passengers. The two latter and two of the horses were killed upon the spot; and the other passengers had a most miraculous escape with their lives, though they were all very considerably hurt. The coachman and guard were also much hurt; the former had his arm broken and otherwise much bruised, and the guard got a severe contusion in the head. The other coach, from Carlisle to Glasgow, narrowly escaped sharing the same fate; it arrived at the bridge just at the time the accident happened, and from the darkness of the night, and the rate the coach necessarily travelled, must inevitably have gone into the river at the same breach in the arch, had not the cries of one of the sufferers alarmed the coachman, and induced him to stop. By the exertion of the coachman and guard of the other coach, the passengers who survived (a lady and three gentlemen), with the coachman and guard, that had fallen into the abyss, were saved, and conducted to a place of safety until other assistance was afforded them.

Strange to say, in this year a coach race was thus officially recorded:—"Started from Leicester, the Patriot coach, at 7.50, arrived at Nottingham at 10.12, carrying six passengers. Started from Leicester the Defiance coach, at 7.55, arrived at Nottingham at 10.10, carrying thirteen passengers." Then follow the drivers' names:—"T. Pettifor and Sampson, on Patriot; W. Pettyfor and H. Bowers, on Defiance."

During the severe snow-storm in January, 1811, many coach accidents happened. On the 4th the fall was so great as to render the northern roads almost impassable. The mail coach from Boston could not be dragged more than four miles, but the guard proceeded on horseback with the mail. The mail from London was conveyed in the same manner into Boston. The Leicester coach, on the way to Stamford, was upset in the snow at Burton Lazars, and several passengers were much hurt. The Carlisle mail was dug out of the snow near Pickencote, and with difficulty got to Stamford with eight horses, three hours later than usual; but it could proceed no further than Thornaugh, whence the guard was obliged to take the letter-bags on horseback. Three coaches from the north lay all night in the snow, about a mile from Stamford, and as many near Wandsford. With the assistance of fifty men, the road became passable for carriages at twelve o'clock on the following day. In some places the snow had drifted six feet.

In the spring of 1816 a new coach was started by some Jews to run to Brighton from London, a distance of fifty-two miles, in six hours, with a pledge that if they did not accomplish the journey in that time they would carry the passengers gratis; to accomplish which the horses were kept upon a gallop all the way; and notwithstanding this great risk, the coach was always filled with passengers. In one of the journeys the coachman broke three whips. In one week fifteen horses died. The coach, however, had never been overturned, and no material accident happened, except overturning a fish-cart near Kennington-common, whereby the driver was injured, but not seriously. This was continued for about three months, and excited attention and curiosity all the way on the road; a crowd of persons was daily collected at the Elephant and Castle to see it start and come in, and it always kept its time within a few minutes. This, however, became alarming, particularly in the populous neighbourhood of Newington, through which it passed; and the parish officers there caused informations to be laid against the drivers for driving furiously on the public road, so as to endanger the lives of His Majesty's subjects, under the Act of Parliament for regulating stage coaches. This being followed up, the speed was reduced, and the coach was then about three-quarters of an hour longer on the road.

A tremendous storm raged throughout England in the month of November, 1810, when, during a very heavy rain, the Clarence coach, from Plymouth, was entirely stopped near Alphington, about half a mile from Exeter. There were five gentlemen inside, three men and the coachman on the outside. The coach was drawn by six horses, with a postboy; the waters being higher than the horses, they all swam with the coach against a strong current, but the postilion, losing his seat, clambered up a hedge. The two leading horses immediately began to turn, which the coachman perceiving, descended from his seat, and cut off the harness, being up to his chin in the water. Four of the horses swam off, but the other two were drowned. Six passengers, after struggling with the water, got on a hedge, and from thence reached neighbouring house. Another passenger, taking a different course, remained under a high hedge nine hours, till he was released the next morning. The empty coach was carried back a considerable distance by the stream, and stuck in a hedge.

In 1811, one of the Glasgow coaches was overturned, in consequence of running a race with a post-chaise on the road from Edinburgh, whereby a Mr. Brown was killed, and his wife so bruised as to be in imminent danger. A verdict was afterwards found, in consequence of an action brought in the Court of Sessions, against the proprietors of both the coach and the chaise. Lord Meadowbank, ordinary, found the defendants liable to the following damages:—

To Mrs. Brown, in compensation for damages suffered by her person	£300
To her for the loss of her husband	200
And to each of the children (eight in number), £10 each	1,040

£1,540

With full expenses of process. Rather a heavy sum to pay for a race on the road.

On the 12th of October, 1816, about 9 o'clock at night, a serious accident was occasioned by two rival coaches endeavouring to detain a priority of entering into Brighton. The Phoenix and Dart coaches, on leaving London, passed each other on the road, and the former kept the advantage within a mile of Brighton, when, making the rising turn of the road, the Dart endeavoured to run by, and by some crossing manœuvre the leaders got entangled. In the exertion to extricate them the pole of the Phoenix was broken, and it upset. Very fortunately the horses got disentangled, and ran away; otherwise the consequences must have been dreadful. Mr. Taylor, of the Golden Cross Inn, Brighton, had a thigh broken; Mr. Cawthorn, a wine merchant, of London, had his arm dislocated; and several passengers and the coachmen were much bruised. In consequence of the horses of the Dart taking fright they ran away with the coach, which had the dickey knocked off, and threw two of the passengers into the road, which entirely prevented the coachman rendering any assistance to the other party.

Racing on wheels was not confined to stage coaches, for I find that Mr. Charles Buxton (a gentleman immortalised by having invented a new bit called the Buxton bit), on his return from Epsom in his phæton and four, overtook a friend in a barouche, drawn by the same number of horses; and a determination being manifested to try the speed of the animals, and the skill of the drivers, a race was the consequence. At Ewell, on turning a corner, Mr. Buxton's phæton was upset, and he and Mr. Hugh Atkins, a Russian broker, were thrown with such violence, that each gentleman, strange to say, had a thigh broken and three ribs. Buxton's bit was introduced in a popular song, sung by Charles Mathews:—

With spirits gay I mount the box,
My tits up to the traces;
With elbows square and wrists turned down,
Dash off to Epsom races.
With Buxton bit, bridoon so trim,
Three chestnuts and a grey;
Well coupled up the leaders,
Ya! hip! we bowl away.

(To be continued.)

HORSE-CHANTING.

WE quote the following article from the *World*, on the subject of "Horse-chanting":—"The 'chanter' (we are told) goes about his business in a regular systematic way. He cares only for the 'pipers' and 'whistlers,' the halt and the blind, the 'jibber,' the kicker, and the man-eater. He picks up these unhappy animals for a song, and then proceeds to furnish them up into the semblance of well-favoured steeds, feeding and physicking his stock till their coats shine like satin. By long practice and careful study he has acquired the art of transmuting, with the aid of arsenic, antimony, and high feeding without exercise, an animal suffering from all the ills that horseflesh is heir to into a showy creature, calculated to catch the eye of a connoisseur, and deceive all but adepts in horse-coping, and in raising his vendible, not his actual, value from twenty-five to a hundred or a hundred and fifty pounds. The little drama can hardly be played by less than four or five persons. There are the 'coper' who buys the 'screw' and 'doctors' him into shape, the 'chanter' who sells him, the man who 'pens the chant'—i.e. writes the advertisement—the groom, the stable-keeper, and the 'bonnet.' The chief engineer who finds the capital is the original 'coper,' who supplies the animals to the 'chanter' for cash or on credit. One Gayton, down at the East-end, is famous for his skill in bringing shabby animals up to the mark, and a certain Dawkins actually opens an account with his brother-swindlers, and, marvel of marvels, gives them credit; so it seems that there is a kind of honour even between 'coper' and 'chanter.' The animals being supplied, the latter personage enters on his functions. He takes charge of the entire business, and selects his own stable, groom, and 'bonnet.' Gangs of these men work together in their pleasant and beery sphere of roguery, and their names, or at least some of them—for 'chanters' respond to many—are indifferently well known. One notorious hand, Joe Burrows, has left this world of trouble, but he has left able successors. There is old Tom Coomb, alias 'the Doctor,' yet extant. This worthy is about seventy years of age, was formerly waiter at Simpson's, and, like 'Tally-ho Smith,' is always irreproachably dressed. Smith was once a drummer in the English Army, but deserted the path of glory for a more congenial career. Old Joe Bullock is a celebrity in his way. His outward and visible sign is that of a country gentleman, with a slight tendency towards horseflesh and cattle-breeding. His 'get-up' is of the severe class—plain black, white, and gray, as becoming his fifty years. Carrying out the idea of respectability, by insisting that he once had somebody belonging to him, he wears a hat with a mourning-band, and writes his warrants on black-edged note-paper. He is a worthy substantial old gentleman to look upon, and in public abhors tobacco, flourishing a white scented pocket-handkerchief to keep off the fumes of the detested weed. He may be seen hanging about Tonbridge Street, Euston Road; at Shalders's, in Saracen's Head-yard, Bishopsgate-avenue; in Whittlebury-street, at Drummond-stables, Euston-road; and in the Oak Trees-mews, St. John's-wood. A most respectable old gentleman, who only sells his animals in consequence of the death of his wife, who, poor thing, has died any number of times within the last twenty years. It is unfortunate that his past life has been of an eventful character. Starting as a pickpocket, he soon abandoned that adventurous but unremunerative career, and, having forsaken the company of thieves and lived cleanly, has only been occasionally 'in trouble' for 'horse-coping.' Mat Milton is another eminent professor of his peculiar art. He was bred to the business, being the son of old 'Hoppy' Milton, a famous coper. Sometimes he is known by the name of Herbert Martin, and has recently 'done' his twelve months, but whether 'on his head' or not there is no evidence to show. Once upon a time this pleasant adventurer sold a horse to a London magistrate; but, horrorstruck to find that he had 'done a beak,' speedily returned the money, and was glad enough to get off with a whole skin. He is a 'pal' of Dawkins, who is a cab-proprietor, and has no less than thirteen numbers. There are many other less noteworthy professors of the chanting art. There is Jim Prentice, who sells at Shalders's stables; William Pitcher, alias Pincher, alias Parker, alias Hutchins, formerly a runner at Aldridge's, now an owner and seller of 'duffers.' Edward Lorne is another shining light of the profession, who has passed his time alternately in England and in America, 'coping' here and 'burgling' there; and last, but not least, come Shalders the veterinary surgeon of Camomile-street, the two Quintons, one of whom has a lively recollection of Commissioner Kerr, and 'Mark Wright' the bereaved parent. Some of these great tacticians act the part of owners, others exercise the functions of groom; and the veterinary surgeon of the gang is ready to give a good character to either man or beast, provided always that he 'stahds in.'"

A BIRMINGHAM DISSENTING MINISTER AND THE DRAMA.

THE REV. MR. DALE, minister of Carr's-lane Chapel, Birmingham, is not at one with the broad-minded Bishop of Manchester on the subject of the theatre. In the course of a capital leader on the subject of this perhaps not remarkable difference of opinion the *Birmingham Gazette* says:—"Mr. Dale 'thinks that Dr. Fraser may be regarded as justifying a practice which we hold to be, in the present state of things, eminently injurious. His words of approval of a particular class of plays and actors will be eagerly quoted and acted upon by numbers who will pay no heed to the cautions by which they were accompanied. An institution has, after all, to be judged by its general character rather than by occasional and accidental circumstances connected with it, and the wisdom of commanding the latter so long as the former is so evil is, to say the least, extremely doubtful.' With the principle here laid down, that the theatre should be judged by its general character rather than by occasional and accidental circumstances connected with it, we cordially concur. But the assertion that the general character of the theatre is evil, or, at least, extremely doubtful, deserves an indignant and emphatic denial. That there is any evil inseparable from the drama itself can hardly be the opinion even of Dissenting ministers in general, since dramatic representations are so commonly sanctioned, if not

originated, by them, in connection with Sunday school classes or congregational entertainments. Upon such occasions its merits receive due recognition from an order of persons who inconsistently regard more legitimate and artistic performances with disfavour. If the theatre be so dangerous as Mr. Dale thinks, then these amateur theatricals must surely be dangerous too, as tending to cultivate a taste, and perhaps to develop a talent for, the stage. Yet we do not remember his ever lifting his voice to protest against what, from his point of view, ought to be condemned as a most insidious practice. If the younger members of Dissenting congregations are accustomed to see little dramas performed in the parlour at home, or in the schoolroom attached to their chapel, or, possibly, as has happened, in the chapel itself, and are encouraged to take part in the acting, they will naturally learn ere long to admire better acting than their own, and will desire to witness performances of a higher class than those of Dissenting amateurs in a schoolroom. Persons who, with Mr. Dale, see something 'eminently injurious' in theatre-going, ought at once to disown whatever tendencies to such an injury there may be in connection with many a Dissenting chapel. . . . The Puritan regarded the Player just as the Pharisee regarded the Publican—as something unclean and unholy, and the Carr's Lane preacher would appear to have inherited the same spirit, for in the same published discourse in which he proclaims his Puritanism he flings scorn upon an 'opera dancer.' Verily, the poor players would have a sad life of it if our Puritan pastor were master. Happily, however, Dissenting ministers, even in Birmingham, are not all of a like mind as to the theatre. Mr. Dawson, we believe, approves of it, and is ready to stand up in its defence, although on other points he is perhaps not without Puritan sympathies. The late Rev. Samuel Bache, throughout his long and valued ministry of some forty years in this town, was an unwavering friend to the theatre, which he both defended and attended, thus affording a useful example of fidelity to enlightened conviction. Amongst the clergy, too, are some who have not turned their backs upon the theatre, though they do not speak out in its favour so bravely as the Bishop of Manchester."

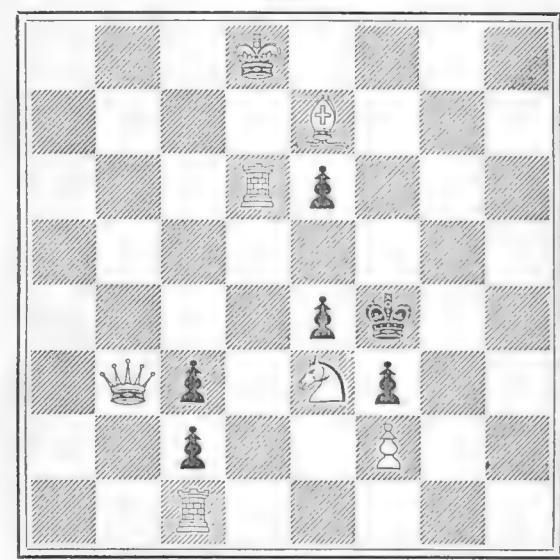
CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS RECEIVED from J. S. Martin, W. P., C. Adcock. A. J. H.—Several of the adhesive pieces have become detached, and the problem is wholly unintelligible. F. Snowden.—The problem is clearly impossible, as the Black pawn can become a *Knight*, checking.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 123.
WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to K 6 B takes Q
2. R to Q 4 (ch) K takes B
3. Kt mates.

PROBLEM NO. 124.
BY MR. J. W. ABBOTT.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

The following smart little game was recently played at Baltimore between Mr. Sellman and an Amateur.

[EVANS'S GAMBIT.]

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)
1. P to K 4.	P to K 4.	14. P to Q 5.	Kt to Q 5
2. Kt to K B 3.	Kt to Q B 3.	15. P to Q R 3.	Kt to Q R 3
3. B to Q B 4.	B to Q B 4.	16. Q to R 5 (ch).	Kt to Kt sq
4. Castles.	Kt to K B 3.	17. R to Q B 3.	P to Q B 3
5. P to Q Kt 4 (a).	B takes P.	18. P to K 6.	B to K B 3
6. P to Q B 3.	Kt to K 2 (b).	19. R to K B 3.	P takes P
7. P to Q 4.	P to Q 3 (c).	20. Q to B 7 (ch).	K to R 2
8. Kt to Kt 5.	Castles.	21. Kt takes P (e).	B takes R
9. P to K B 4.	P takes Q P.	22. P to K B 5.	B to K B 3
10. P takes P.	P to K R 3.	23. R to K R 3.	B to Kt sq
11. Kt tks K B P (d).	R takes Kt.	24. Q to Kt 6 (ch).	K to Kt sq
12. B takes R (ch).	K takes B.	25. B takes B.	Q takes B
13. P to K 5.	Kt to K sq.	26. Q takes Q.	P takes B

and White gave mate in three moves.

(a) The gambit cannot be offered advantageously on the fifth move after Castling.

(b) The correct reply.

(c) He ought to have Castled at once. The move made gives White a very embarrassing attack.

(d) Well played.

(e) All this is in the right style.

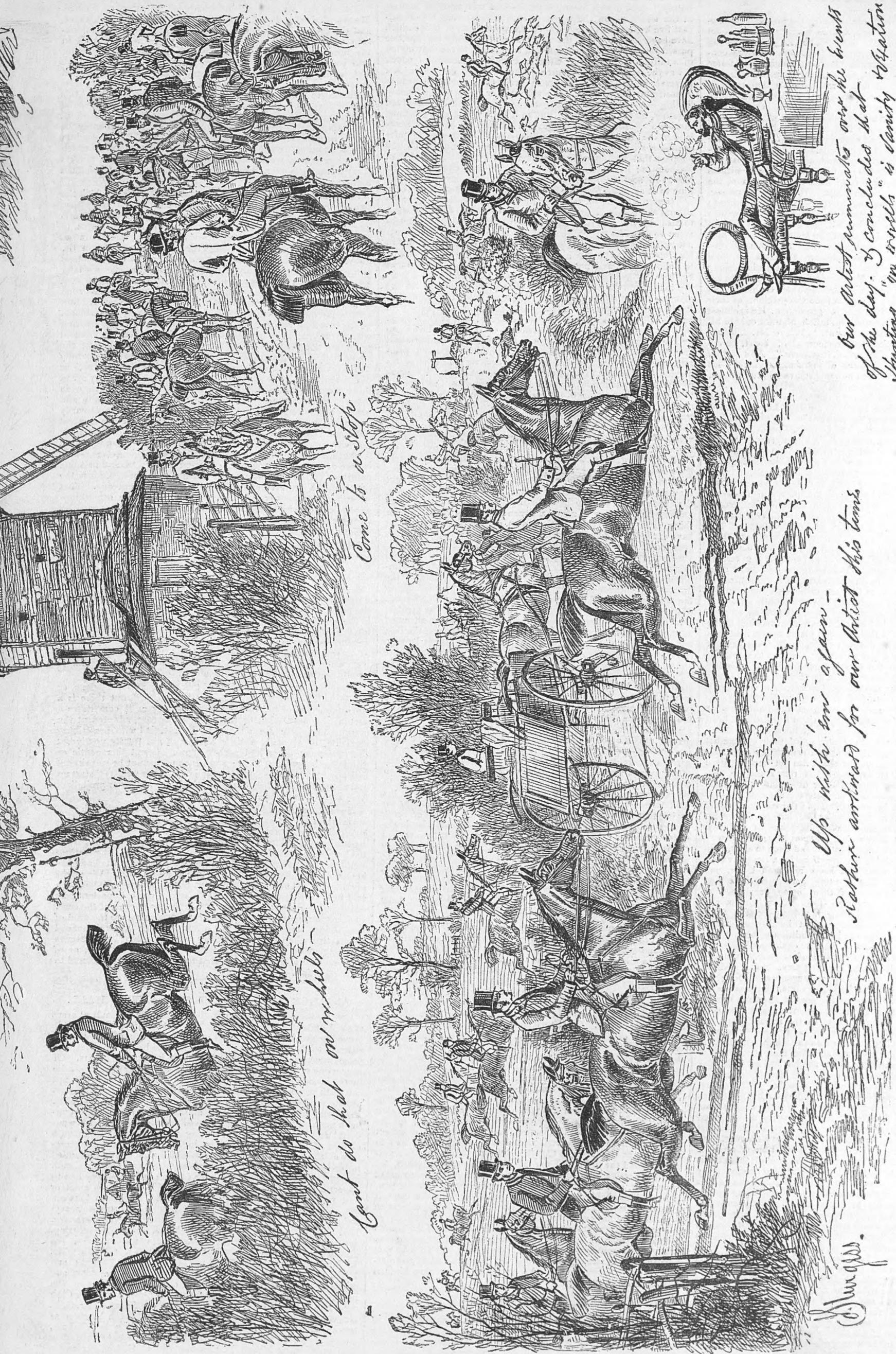
(f) Leading to a pretty termination.

THE MACKLIN DOUBLE-POCKET CHESS BOARD.

This is a very ingenious little invention which will, doubtless, be largely appreciated by all classes of chess players. The pieces and pawns are legibly stamped on stout sections of card paper, which fit into the board—by a novel but simple arrangement—and are as serviceable for purposes of play as ordinary chessmen of wood or bone. The names of the squares are printed in black and red, under each of the pieces, and the files are numbered from 1 to 8, as in the common chess notation used in England, in addition to which, all the squares are numbered, so that anyone may be able to follow or describe a game as it is played, even though unacquainted with the recognised "chess language." Mr. Macklin's board is specially adapted for playing a game of chess in a railway carriage, or examining a position in a comfortable arm-chair by the fireside, as it does away with the necessity of stooping over a chessboard, added to which the board and men may be closed and put aside at a moment's notice, without in the slightest degree disturbing the position. Altogether, it is a capital little contrivance, which can scarcely fail to ensure the patronage of chess amateurs of every degree. The Macklin Double-pocket Chess Board is published by Messrs. Remington and Co., 5, Arundel-street, Strand, W.C.

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.—Medical Testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies as KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES. One lozenge alone gives relief, one or two at bedtime ensures rest. Sold by all Chemists, in boxes, at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. They contain no opium or preparation thereof.—[Anvr.]





Our artist summarizes over the events
of the day. I concluded that
hunting "on wheels" is vanity & vexation

Up with me again
Rather tardy for our artist this time

G. W. G.

OUI DIRE.

WE thank the *New York Sportsman* for the kindly and glowing way in which it speaks of one who in his own country is not always so generously limned, viz., "The English Sporting Gentleman." The sporting gentleman (says our American contemporary) is of comely appearance, his countenance and frame denoting health and cheerfulness, and cheerful he generally is. A rare virtue is cheerfulness; it makes more friends than learning and wit; in fact, it was a proverb among the ancients that a man who can laugh heartily will never cut your throat. Of him may be said what Cicero said of Catiline—that he lives with the young pleasantly, with the old gravely; that is to say, he is well-educated enough to put all his friends and acquaintances at their ease. He abhors over-refinement, which he considers but a mark for profligacy, heartlessness, and insincerity; and often thinks what old Fabricius would say, were he to rise from the grave, and witness the over-strained and unnatural state of a great portion of the fashionable society of the present age. His house, however, abounds with everything tending to convenience and comfort; partly with reference to his station and family, and also with a view to the repose necessary to himself and friends after a good day's sport. In his general conduct, in his transactions with the world, the sporting gentleman has a scrupulous regard to truth, with the most religious attention to fulfil every engagement he may enter into, which is the distinguishing characteristic of a gentleman. It is a singular fact that there are thousands of country gentlemen possessing their thousands per annum, but who are scarcely known beyond the precincts of their own county. It is not so with the sporting gentleman. He is almost universally known by name and reputation, and not only in his native country, but on the continent. When Mr. Thomas Assheton Smith was presented to Napoleon at his court, he exclaimed, "Ah! le grand chasseur d'Angleterre." And it does not require a man to be a master of foxhounds, whereby his name so frequently appears in the newspapers, to be thus known. The mere fact of his being an accomplished sportsman and horseman is sufficient to blazon him to the world. Where is the English gentleman who never heard of the late Lord Forrester and Lord Delamere, when they rejoiced in the less distinguished appellations of "Cecil Forrester" and "Tom Cholmondeley"? And what raised them to the peerage? Why, in great part, their celebrity in the hunting field, which introduced them to the friendship of George IV., added to that of half the nobility of England. The sporting gentleman is a great admirer of the female sex, and, if married, his wife is generally what is called a fine woman; His eye, being accustomed to regard the points of the brute creation, does not overlook them in woman, knowing that, on the principle of "like producing like," it is hopeless to look for fine and healthy progeny from an ugly, ill-formed mother. The sporting gentleman is very fond of his children, and puts them on horseback as soon as they can stride a saddle. The daughters of the sporting gentleman are educated at home by a governess and other necessary instructors. He is too good a judge to send them to a boarding school, having been let into some of the proceedings of those seminaries, as they are called—and not inaptly, inasmuch as they are the seed-plots of vice—by his wife. He puts them on horseback at an early age, because he esteems riding an accomplishment, but he confines their excursions to the road. He has objections to their hunting; first, because he considers it not unattended with danger; secondly, his experience of the cover's side has taught him that it is not always the court of Diana. The daughters of the sporting gentleman are generally much admired by the opposite sex, in great measure the consequence of their very healthy appearance, for there is no real beauty about a woman without good health. But the fact is, not only have the errors in the physical education of the body, in what Dr. Beddoes calls "the manufacturing them into ladies," been avoided, such as pinching them off in the middle by tight lacing and so forth; but the preternatural forcing of their intellectual faculties, to the destruction of the vital energy of their frames, and the banishment of the bloom on the cheek has not been resorted to by these country-bred ladies, and ladies they really are, notwithstanding the apparent laxity of their discipline, when compared with town-bred ladies. The daughters of the sporting gentleman are seldom cut off by consumption in the very budding of their womanhood, if not in still earlier life, but live to become mothers themselves, bequeathing healthy offspring to posterity, untainted by hereditary disease. The sporting gentleman is always an agriculturist, to a certain extent, and often to a very considerable one, and is assisted in his operations by a Scotch bailiff, being aware that none other will keep his land clean, and consequently productive. The sporting gentleman is a kind master to his servants—several of them being considered as heirlooms on the estate—descending from father to son, and dying in the service of the latter, or retiring on the fruits of their service. But he keeps a tight hand upon them, those in his stables especially—the high condition of his hunters, as well as the neat "turn-out" of his equipages, being a grand consideration with him. Experience has taught him two lessons touching this matter,—the one, that servants like soldiers, under a relaxed system of mastership, are never really good; the other, that a good master makes good servants, kindness having more influence than fear. The sporting gentleman prides himself on keeping what is called a good house—not a grand display in the family dining-room, with scantiness in the servant's hall, but plenty everywhere, and to "comers and goers" as well. Still, without condescending to enter into the minutiae of the butler and the pantry, his injunctions are that there be no wilful waste. The sporting gentleman is on the turf. That is, he has two or three thoroughbred broodmares, and runs their produce at the neighbouring races—say within a radius of fifty miles. Racing, with him, however, is only a secondary pursuit. Still, as far as he goes, he enters into it with spirit. He gives large sums for mares of the most fashionable blood, knowing that to breed from any other is to incur certain loss; and he selects the best stud-horses to breed from, regardless of the heavy expense. He is proud of his paddocks, which he has planned himself after the newest system, being about the fourth of the size of those in his father's time; and his young racing stock are fed chiefly on dry food, by which they are forced into size and form, and as such have generally the best of their neighbours. The sporting gentleman, however, occasionally performs the office of gentleman jockey at some of our first private race meetings, and occasionally at public ones, for stakes whose articles express that the riders of the horses should be gentlemen. And he will take great pains to prepare himself for this office, either on his own account, or to serve a friend, whose horse he may be asked to ride. He will go through the regular process of training, by severe exercise, for wind, and of his reducing his weight by fasting, each of which is no small sacrifice to those who have not been accustomed to any compulsory exertions and self-denials. Ambition, however, has something to do with all this; he is proud of, and anxious to display his fine horsemanship, and the winning a race by a head for a friend, is esteemed one of the most gratifying events of his life. The sporting gentleman is proud of exhibiting his stables and their inmates; and on the arrival of his sporting acquaintance and friends at his hall, the first walk is to his stables. The superior condition of his horses is his principal boast on these occasions; and it has been his aim to make as many converts as he can

to the means by which it has been obtained, out of his regard for that noble animal, the horse, and from a wish to diminish his sufferings. Add to this, he urges the in-door treatment of hunters in the summer—on the score of economy, assuring his friends that five hunters so treated will do the work of six of those which have been summered in the fields, as was formerly the practice pursued by ninety-nine sportsmen in a hundred, to the destruction of a third of their studs by either accidents or diseases, of which it was the most prolific source. The sporting gentleman is a preserver of game in his covers and woods, for the amusement of himself and his friends; but a still stricter preserver of foxes—finding from experience that game and foxes can be preserved together, on the same spot. But he is not content with the tame diversion afforded by partridges and pheasants; he visits Scotland in the August month, the wildness of the quarry being quite in unison with his idea of the perfection of shooting. It often happens that the sporting gentleman is himself the master of fox-hounds; let us, then, look at him in that character. His heart and soul are in the whole thing, and he devotes half his time to it at least, forasmuch as, without the master's eye of a sportsman, a failure in some department of the undertaking is the natural and inevitable consequence. His object is to show sport to his field—to give satisfaction to the country, and in his endeavours to do so he spares neither purse nor pains. Still, he does not launch out into unnecessary and ruinous expenses, it being his intention to keep his hounds as long as he is able to follow them, and not, like Actaeon of old, to be devoured by them in the prime of his days. Four thousand pounds a year, say is the sum he appropriates for the purpose, should he not accept a subscription; and he finds that, with good management, it will cover all expenses for four days' hunting in each week, and occasionally a bye-day. And such it should do; it is a large sum to pay chiefly for the amusement of others, and what no human being on earth, except a native of Great Britain, would ever dream of paying. Sancho Panza considered sporting pleasant when at other people's expense; and we are so far of his opinion, that except in cases of vast land possessions, all masters of fox-hounds should be assisted by a subscription; and we say this from the knowledge of the great sacrifice of property that has already been made to the keeping of fox-hounds; in some instances, indeed, to the irretrievable ruin of the too liberal individuals. But, referring to those who could afford the outlay which we have now stated as the annual charge of an efficient fox-hunting establishment, some curious facts may be related. It is well known that one celebrated sportsman, lately deceased, was the owner of fox-hounds for fifty-seven years; here has been the immense sum of two hundred and twenty-eight thousand pounds expended by one man, in one pursuit, supposing the above annual sum to have been disbursed in the charges attending it. We could name a dozen masters of foxhounds for thirty consecutive years, at their own cost; each of which must have expended one hundred and twenty thousand pounds in the course of that period, and on the above named account! Should fox-hunting be put an end to in England—which, despite of evil forebodings, we hope it may not—and another century be completed ere the pen of the historian should record the doings of the present, the foregoing statement might go far towards shaking the faith of the reader in the veracity of the writer. The hounds of the sporting gentleman are bred by himself with the greatest care, his idea on that subject being that nothing should be esteemed as characteristic of a species but what is found amongst the best and most perfect individuals of that species. He breeds largely, therefore, to enable them to draft his pack closely, and thus avoid the almost certain disappointment of entering hounds at all faulty in their make—at least, in points that are found to be essential to hard work. Whether or not he performs the office of huntsman to his own hounds—so much the custom of late years—depends on circumstances. It may be objected, that I have drawn too flattering a picture of the English sporting gentleman. Let me hasten, then, to disabuse the minds of such of my readers as may be of this opinion. The sporting gentleman is very far from immaculate—perfection is not the lot of humanity. Still, as regards his morality, he is generally on a par with his neighbours. At all events, there is nothing demoralising in his pursuits; on the contrary, the pastimes of the sportsman have been found to be public benefits in more ways than one, and his example in the field is not without its effect. We have no slight authority for saying that the hearts of those men which are capable of being strung up to a high pitch of enthusiasm and determination in the chase—which is called the image of war—will fit them to lead columns in their country's battles, at the same time that they are found to possess, in the softer moments of relaxation and enjoyment, certain chords which vibrate the sweetest notes of pleasure; and the former of these positions is substantiated by the testimony of military officers, who have so often asserted that in the battle-field the most daring and gallant soldiers have been those which have been accustomed to field sports.

Lighthouses, usually regarded as means whereby lives are saved, are said to be sometimes murderous. Another of our American contemporaries, the *Hartford Times*, says, "April and October witness a destruction of migrating birds that flying at night are dashed to death against the heavy plate-glass lanterns of the lighthouses on our Atlantic coast. Well authenticated facts seem to render it probable that this destruction of bird-life is far greater than most persons have supposed. In April the havoc is among the returning birds, along our northern coast, from Cape May to the shore of Maine. On the southern coast, and especially along the shores of Florida, the destruction is greatest among the southward-flying birds in October. The number and variety of these misguided night travellers is surprising. The keeper of the new and lofty light on Anastasia Island, at St. Augustine, Fla., informed the writer that there is scarcely any dark night in the year that does not witness the destruction of numbers of birds that dash themselves against the light, and that often the number found in the morning ranges from twenty to fifty. Ducks, however, are the most notable victims. These heavy birds are noted for the velocity of their flight. The keeper found it impossible to protect the lantern from the shattering shock of their onset, and had to appeal to the Government Lighthouse Board to erect an iron net-work around the light. Even this fails to prevent mischief, for the ducks strike the iron netting with such force as to break through it, and break the heavy outer plate-glass of the lantern. It is not improbable that the destruction of birds by this cause is tenfold greater than anyone who has not made the subject an especial study has ever suspected. At each one of the forty or fifty more prominent lights along the Atlantic coast of the United States the number of birds thus slaughtered must amount to nearly 2,000 annually—or say, 100,000 a year. It all shows, at least (what was already understood by those who have given attention to the subject), that the flight of our migrating birds is accomplished in the night."

LAST month, an important enterprise was inaugurated in Glamorganshire, which will we trust mark an era in the sporting annals of the "garden of South Wales." A new pack of foxhounds, brought from the East Essex hunt by subscription, had their opening meet at Miskin village; and if one may read the augury from the facts of a fine day, a fairly numerous field, and no lack of foxes, the new hunt has a happy future before it.

WRESTLING.

THE recent meeting of the champion wrestlers of France, Messrs. Bonnet-le-Bœuf, Gaston de Lyon, Solomon, Boulanger, and the mysterious l'Homme Masqué, to contest the championship of the two countries, at Lillie Bridge, will be fresh in the minds of our readers. It is not our intention to enter into particulars, as the different matches and feats of strength and agility which took place have already been described in most of the daily papers, but we wish rather to draw attention to the importance that should be attached to this kind of physical exercise as a means of developing the frame, and of improving the health and strength of those who practise it. Cricketing, football, and rowing are sports that will probably be always in fashion. But although wrestling contests are seldom seen or heard of, except on such rare occasions as those to which we are referring, we are much mistaken if they do not possess many advantages over all other methods of exercising the human frame.

In the first place, there is no other bodily exercise in which the strength of every limb and every muscle of the body, of every tendon and sinew, is so generally and so severely tested as it is in wrestling. In rowing, most of the labour is thrown upon the arms, in football and cricketing, upon the lower extremities, whereas in the exercise of which we are speaking every group of muscles in the body, from those in the neck to those in the soles of the feet, is alternately and energetically called into action, and yet with far less strain upon the lungs and heart than what is involved in most other kinds of physical exertion. In other forms of exercise, such as those above mentioned, a limited set of muscles are called into action, and that, too, with the precision and monotony of a machine, but in wrestling we have the contraction of one muscle alternating with the relaxation of another, and this alternate contraction and relaxation not confined to any one part, but extending over the whole body. Although, moreover, the muscles are so generally and so vigorously brought into play, the respective functions of the heart and lungs are much less embarrassed than they are in those exercises in which there is much running, or in which, as in rowing, there is much constraint of posture. This strong and quickly alternating action of all the muscles of the body necessarily keeps up the circulation of the blood, promotes the cutaneous and pulmonary secretions, accelerates the absorption of effete materials, gets rid of superfluous fat, and finally tends to produce that strength, bulk, and fine contour of the muscles themselves, which we see depicted in many of the ancient sculptures, and in some paintings by the old masters, but which we in vain look for in the limbs of the more effeminate youths of the present day. That wrestling, moreover, can be practised at times when other kinds of physical exercise cannot be resorted to, is a circumstance which strongly recommends its more general adoption as a part of our athletic sports.

Nor should we overlook its uses as a therapeutic agent. It may seem strange to speak of wrestling either from a therapeutic or hygienic point of view, but very little consideration will show that when practised in moderation there is much good to be got out of it. Celsus somewhere recommends people who suffer from dyspepsia to exercise their arms, and as the upper extremities and the muscles of the thorax are very prominently brought into play in the act of wrestling, there is every reason to believe that this kind of exercise, if moderately indulged in, might be very beneficial to the health of those youths whose pursuits or studies are of a sedentary nature, especially those who are said to be "growing fast," and whose physical development is almost wholly sacrificed to their mental culture.

There is just now a great deal of talk about public hygiene, or public medicine, as it is with more dignity called, but there is a lamentable lack of individual hygiene so far as it constitutes a part of the prevention or treatment of disease, adopted at the present day. We are all apt to be satisfied with prescribing medicine, or at most, a little change of air, totally unmindful that there are other, and perhaps more efficient therapeutic or prophylactic agents at hand; and hence we cannot be surprised if hydropractists, homeopaths, and many other "thirsts" start up and usurp the cultivation of a field which our apathy or prejudices have allowed to lie barren and unfruitful.

If ever London and other large cities are adorned with such magnificent public baths as the wealth and resources of modern civilisation ought certainly to afford, large *gymsnasia*, and places especially adapted for wrestling, should form an important part of the buildings erected for the purpose, as the exercise of wrestling could not be indulged in at a better time than after the body has been braced up by a few plunges into the cold bath. We might say a good deal more on the subject, but perhaps enough has been said to show that wrestling ought to form a more important part of the physical exercises of our youth than is at present the case. Perhaps the course of tonic medicines, which we are too fond of prescribing, and to which we often attribute more beneficial effects than they can possibly lay claim to, might be sometimes advantageously replaced by a course of physical training, or of some such athletic exercises as that to which we have ventured to draw attention.

ASSAULT AT ARMS AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.

ON Wednesday evening week, the eighth annual assault at arms of the London Athletic Club was held at St. James's Hall, and it proved as great a success as any of its predecessors, hardly a seat either in the body of the hall or the galleries being vacant. The programme was both lengthy and full of interesting events. Of course one of the principal features was the clever sword exercise by the troopers of the 2nd Life Guards; but even this did not call forth so much enthusiasm as the cutlass (attack and defence) practice and the bayonet exercise by eight petty officers of H.M.S. President, under the leadership of Instructor Jones, chief gunner's mate. Professor Waite showed to advantage in his wonderful feats with the sword, cutting paper, bars of lead, and a carcass of a sheep in half. The highly popular honorary secretary of the L.A.C., Mr. William Waddell was loudly applauded in his bout with the sabre in opposition to Trooper Otterway, and, in reply to the enthusiastic plaudits of the spectators, they had to appear a second time on the platform. Of boxing, both amateur and professional, there was no lack, and the set-to between Mr. H. J. Chinnery (thrice middle-weight and twice heavyweight amateur champion) with that clever *maestro*, Ned Donnelly, was a real treat, as regards sparring, and not hitting simply. Among others who put on the gloves were Messrs. R. Wakefield and Frost-Smith, Mr. J. Buchanan and Abe Daultry, Messrs. J. H. Douglas and E. B. Michell (both ex-amateur middle-weight champions, and others too numerous to mention). A clever performance on the horizontal bar by the members of the St. James's Athletic Club must not be passed over, while the quarter-staff play of Mr. G. P. Rogers and trooper Otterway raised quite as much laughter as ever. Cumberland and Westmoreland wrestling by Graham, Beeby, Johnson, and Hunton; fencing, sword v bayonet, Indian club exercise, by Messrs. F. Lemaine and C. G. Cutley; and a tug of war between the L.A.C. and the 2nd Life Guards, all tended to add to a very enjoyable evening's entertainment.

EXON.



SCENES AND SKETCHES FROM "PAUL AND VIRGINIA," AT THE THEATRE LYRIQUE, PARIS.